The Saturday Evening Post.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1869. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2475.

VANISHED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The beautiful summer has vanished,
  The sun lies low in the sky,
The snow is over the grasses,
  And the days are slipping by.
I sit by my window idly,
  And watch them come and go;
But I do not list for your footsteps,
  For you will not come, I know.

The days and weeks have drifted
  And melted into years,
Since you held my hand at parting,
  And my voice was choked with tears.
And when you turned and left me,
  I shivered in mortal pain;
For I knew in my heart, my darling,
  You never would come again.

The summer of life has vanished,
  The sun lies low in the sky,
The snow gleams through my tresses,
  And my youth is slipping by.
And though I have waited vainly,
  And you never have come to me,
We shall walk at last together
  Beside the jasper sea.

Westport, Wis.

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

OLD DONOHUE PREVENTS HONORA FROM ENTERING THE GARDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

SIR BRIAN'S NATURE.

Only for a moment did we stand thus. Neill, white and startled, I confounded, and the strange lady in motionless silence gazing steadily at us both. Neill was the first to move. He became himself as suddenly as he had given way to alarm, and instantly drew me to the other end of the room, turning as he did so my face from the figure that attracted it.

"Cross yourself," he whispered, breathlessly, "cross yourself and pray that the spirit may have no power over you!"

I think I disbelieved him, for when he called the woman a spirit, she was real to every sense I had; but I was frightened and obeyed him mechanically.

He spoke some words—not to me—in a soft, imploring tone; but I could not recall their import when I thought of them afterwards. I heard no other sound but that and my own beating heart for a little while, and then his arm released me, and I turned quickly to find the room empty of the presence that had disturbed us.

"Where is she?" I asked tremblingly, when my eye assured me she was no longer in view.

Neill answered in the same excited whisper he had spoken in before.

"How can any one tell where the home of an unquiet spirit may be. Heaven pity and give the perturbed creature rest!"

"She was not a spirit. That is impossible. She looked worn and white, but she was real and living. I am sure she was."

When I said this Neill made no effort to contradict me, but pointed quietly at the door that still remained locked and had not moved or creaked since he entered it

"How did she come?" I questioned; "is there no other entrance? There behind that great mirror there might be one; will you not see?"

He smiled as he glanced toward it.

"Your eye is a keen one, Honora," he said, "but there is no door there! the mirror is built in the wall."

I went toward it and found it as he said. I raised the curtains timidly, half afraid that I should find a figure hid within their folds. I looked in the recesses by the broad hearth, where two pretty statues stood covered with colored gauze; and then I came back to where Neill remained, watching me with a quiet look from which a faint smile partly broke.

"You are not so timid as I thought you," he said.

"I am frightened now," I answered, "for I cannot see how the lady came here, and I beg you to open the door."

He did so in a moment, and beckoned me to follow him.

"You must not stay here, little lady, although you are a heroine. It was wrong to give you this room in the first instance, this has always been called the White Lady's chamber; it was tempting fate to place you here."

I asked him if the figure I had seen was the White Lady; and I kept close beside him as we passed along the hall to my room, where Madge was. He said he could not tell me—I must not speak of it; that those who had looked on spirits and bruited it abroad, had often come to evil. That I must pray Heaven to guard me, and keep my own council, if I wished for peace and safety.

I was in the shadow of my own doorway when he left me, and I went in hastily and threw myself upon my bed and wept from the fright and terror I had undergone. I had no thought of Madge sitting at my window sewing, until she came and stood beside me and begged to know, "Whatever had come over me anyway."

"Oh, Madge, I'm tired," I said, confusedly; "I'm tired, and my head aches, and I wish I did not live at Fogarty Castle."

Madge considered this last declaration as rank blasphemy, and threw up her hands in astonishment.

"Is there any better place then this side of Paradise, Miss Honorn, that you do be wantin' to lave the Reefs," she cried. "Faith if there is, divil a one of me knows the name ov it."

She was unusually excited, and added immediately, in a deprecating way:

"There now, but I've took the name of me Maker in me mouth; it's a bad way I do have whin I'm kind o' startled, do ye see; and I be always repentin ov it as soon as the words lave my lips."

She raised my head from the pillows, among which I had plunged it, and continued in a subdued tone to entreat me to tell her why I was so flushed and distressed. "For," she said persuasively, "it's a wonderful relate to ould or young to spake their minds."

"I have nothing to say, Madge," I answered, remembering Neill's caution. "I am only a little wearied, and my head aches."

"Well, thin, but it's myself has somethin' to say to *you*," she screamed angrily, as her eye caught the crushed frill on which I had thrown myself, and which crumpled and cried over, had lost all likeness to an article of dress or adornment.

"Do you jist see the sight she's left it, wid smashing it down under her as it was a bit o' rag! Orra, Miss, but yer a fair heartbreak to me, an' I'm jist kilt, intirely striving to make ye a credit to them ye belong to."

I sat up and looked remorseful as she took the injured frill, and hopelessly endeavored to shape it on her knee. Meanwhile she did not spare me, but called me "a disgrace to the Fogarties wid my careless ways," and intimated that she would begin to credit Denny Finn's statement "that the blackamoors in the furrin place I came from hung sacks wid ropes from the ceiling or trees, and tumbled thimselves into thim for a nap in the hate o' the day, jist like the bastes o' the fields."

I did not like to be scolded by Madge, but this time it was a cover for my confusion, and I received it so meekly as soon to disarm her wrath.

"I'll away down to the kitchen and get a warm smoothin' iron this minute, and you'll soon see how nate I'll make it. Sure if I did spake anyways rough to ye, Miss, it's bekase of the pride I take in ye that I always does be wantin' to see ye look like the ra'al beauty ye are."

She made these concessions with many smoothings of my hair and pattings of hands, and feeling that a right understanding was restored, hastened down to do what she could with the injured ruff. I got up and shut the door after her, and then frightened to find myself alone, opened it again. I walked up and down, looked from the windows an instant, and then hastily glanced round in terror lest I should find some ghostly company at my shoulder. At last, being really nervous and miserable, I crept out into the hall to wait for the sound of Madge's returning step.

A long time, it seemed so to me, passed before she came, and while I was yet waiting Neill stole stealthily up, step by step, and I drew back in the shadow of an arch that divided the front and great hall from the branching passages that led from it.

He did not turn his head in my direction, so I looked out again and saw him go toward the pretty sitting-room where I had been so much frightened a little while ago. He had something in his hand, over which the sleeve of a loose gown he sometimes wore was thrown, and he entered the door and closed and locked it after him. Madge's panting figure sent me back into my room before she appeared on the threshold out of breath, and beaming with success. "Faith, if I haven't had the best of luck wid it afther all, darlin'," she cried, "an I'll hould ye what ye like, Sir Brian will be delighted wid ye. Ould Donahue's wife was settin' to have a bit o' chat wid the cook whin I wint down, an' it's herself that knows all about lace and needle work. 'Just show it to me, will ye, Madge?' says she. 'Troth, thin, I will,' says I. 'Give me hoult of yon flutin tongs,' says she. 'Here they are to ye,' says I. An' she jist tuk it in her fingers an' wint over it onct, whin it was as beautiful as iver ye saw. Well, I was jist thankin' her for the good turn she done me, whin Mr. Neill came in an' sint our hearts intil our mouths wid fright. He was white and angry like, but whin he saw us lookin' scairt, he began to smile and look as swate as the May mornin'; but he whispered to ould Donohue's wife, an' she up an' away, an' he followed her. Me and the cook stopt a bit to have a little discoorse about it, and that's what kept me, for ye see that sich a thing was niver known before in all our knowing as that one of the masters should come intil the kitchen except on Christmas night or Halloween."

When Madge had explained herself so far, she suddenly seized and forced me into a chair before a glass and brushed and combed me vigorously, declaring that Denny had told her that dinner was ready laid and waiting for Sir Brian, whose horse she now heard entering the court yard.

In spite of the charms of my faultless frill, I looked so pale and dispirited that Madge regarded me with a dissatisfied eye as she took a last look before sending me down to the dining room.

"To-morrow an' the Lord spares us all ye'll be taking a good fresh walk before the hate of the day comes on," she said. "I'll spake to Sir Brian myself about it."

Sir Brian had made haste in changing his riding dress, and was seated at the table when I entered the room. He held out his hand and smiled, and then looked startled and disturbed.

"What's wrong with the roses, Honora?" he asked. "I don't see a single drop of red in those white cheeks." Neill looked at me, and I said in reply that I had spoiled some lace for Madge, and—

"And Madge has been fretting you about a bit of lace. Is the woman demented, or has she turned vixen on my hands, just because I place a trust in her? Denny, Denny Finn, where are you, man? Are you under the earth, that you can't hear my voice when I speak to you? Go call this Madge, that I may look at the flinty old baggage, and shame her for her tyranny."

I ran to him and caught his hand.

"Dear Sir Brian," I implored, trembling at bringing trouble on innocent Madge, "she didn't blame me. Madge is kind and gentle, and I really love her. I was sorry and worried about ruining my frill, but she comforted me and put it in order again. Just see how pretty it looks."

"Faith it does, then," exclaimed Sir Brian, his face expressing admiration, and positively beaming upon me. "She's a handy creature entirely, this Madge, and a ready, good-humored one, too. You can tell her, Denny, that I think highly of her; and take her with you to Dungarvon in the morning; it will be a change, you know, and here's a guinea for a bit of ribbon or anything that may take her eye."

"Yis, yer honor," replied Denny, gravely, "she'll be proud to have your honor's opinion of her. Shall I give her both, or just the last, yer honor?"

Sir Brian glanced at Denny. "If it wasn't for the trouble of rising, Denny," said he, as he mildly asked this question, "you'd often feel the weight of my hand. You do well to take the door on your side when you make free with your betters."

"Why, yer honor, is it makin free wid a Fogarty ye think I'd be after? May I go to death, thin, if sich a thing was in my thoughts at all, at all. Orra didn't me an the father before me ate yer bread? an' I was always known for being a quiet, dacent boy, that niver had a word to say that wasn't dhrawed out of him in the prisence of his betters. Yis, yer honor, every one gives me that credit, but yer honor." Here Denny drew his coat sleeve across his eyes and peeped over it at Sir Brian, who flushed indignantly under his last words.

"Go on, Denny Finn," he said bitterly, "go on, and maybe you'll reach the gallows in time. I declare to the heaven above me that I have eat at my own table and taken more from you than many a man's spent his life in a dungeon to wipe out. Yes, Denny, you may well hide your face after this last blow. To stand there and tell me I haven't soul enough to appreciate the good qualities of a man that's served me and mine all his life! Denny, I blush for you."

"Troth thin yer honor's mighty kind and I'm beholden to ye," said Denny. "I would save yer honor the trouble of blushing if I saw any raison for it; but a poor body like me has so much that's nadeful to do, that we jist lave sich iligant divarsions to ye gintry." At this speech the wrath of his master culminated; he seized the arms of his chair, and made a start as if he would instantly rise and demolish him.

"Will you fly out of my sight, Dennis Finn, before I lame you for life?" he inquired in a tone of thunder. "I've threatened you this twenty years past, but you never came as near it as you are to-day. Come back, you sneaking thief that you are, and make your amends for your words, or I'll never set my eyes on your face while I live."

At this adjuration Denny, who had made no effort to go, came forward and made one of his backward scrapes by way of a bow.

"I ax yer honor's pardon," he said, humbly, "and hope yer honor will improve and repint ov yer timper, seein' that a saint out ov glory couldn't live wid yer honor widout havin' rows that would bate the inemy himself, and me jist dyin' wid shame to think that some way ye will dhraw the talk out of me, though I was iverly thought to be a dacint boy, and my spachlessness was the worst fault they had agin me."

Sir Brian looked round in a silent, helpless way, under the accumulated aggravation; and with a half dozen repetitions of his obeisances, Denny moved slowly toward the door and crossed the threshold.

As he departed the last shade of anger melted away from his master's face. Smooth and noble, it relaxed as it always did after one of these scenes, into a quiet cheerfulness that did not belong to the dining hour. "Denny," he cried, without a tinge of anything but friendly kindness in his tone, "Denny, man, on your way back bring me that bottle of old wine that the bishop gave me to-day. It's on the library table." Denny produced it almost instantly, with a cheerful, respectful air, and received from Sir Brian the compliment of being "worth his weight in gold for doing a person's bidding readily." The little storm cleared the sky wonderfully. Sir Brian laughed and talked merrily about his ride to the bishop's, and the way the horses had sprung along before the wind.

"Do you like driving and riding very much?" I inquired.

"I like all out-door life, Honora," he answered; "I used to almost live in the woods when I was young."

"Was that long ago, Sir Brian?"

"Long ago!" he paused over the words thoughtfully, and repeated them slowly.

"Long ago, not so long as you would think, I dare say, bonny lass, but long enough, in God's name, long enough."

He sighed heavily, and set down the glass he was raising to his lips; his head drooped, and a strange dejection settled in his eyes. Denny Finn looked at him anxiously, and hastened to speak: "Your honor's right whin ye say it's long enough since ye were young or young looking. Troth I've a good mimory ov my own, but I'd be slow to stritch it back so far for fear ov breaking it, do you see." This roused Sir Brian instantly.

"In the matter of years, Denny Finn," he said, severely, "I have the advantage of you. Your father, old Denny Finn, stood holding the bridle of the first horse I ever mounted, and you were at his side. You were an inch taller than I was then, and you mind it well, you rascal."

"True for ye, yer honor; I remimber the same. But it wasn't the age of us, do ye mind, for some do be gettin' their growth more nobler like than others, and I was always the picture of a beautiful young saplin'."

"You were always the picture of a born fool, Denny; a man of your age to be boasting of what he was forty years ago. I'm ashamed of you."

"See that, now; it's a feelin' I had myself whin your honor was talkin' a while ago; but I'm just so close-mouthed that I kipt it quiet like."

Another movement on Sir Brian's part, and a dodge on Denny's, was interrupted by Neill's beginning to speak; he had been silent until that moment, but he began by asking me if I understood anything of the field sports of gentlemen, and if I should like to ride out hunting—a favorite passion with his brother, he said. Then told me that in all the country there was no one who compared with him in any manly game; that he could shoot an arrow like an Indian, and ride like an Arab; he dwelt on him as one would in describing a noble picture or scenery they were familiar with, and I listened, fascinated by the subject and his graceful manner, although I saw that Sir Brian turned his face away, and neither moved or looked toward us. Under the smooth and elegant tongue of Neill, scores of years dropped from his brother's frosted brow. I beheld him a figure of noble proportions, a face of manly beauty; I heard his gay laugh ring, and saw him spring upon his pawing steed to lead the joyous hunt, or with a courtly air do honor to a brilliant throng, and take the noblest lady there through the graceful mazes of a minuet.

Neill's was a voice to hold any ear, and his words painted what they said before you.

My face glowed, and my heart dilated. Noble Sir Brian! handsome, youthful knight.

A deep sigh startled me. I turned quickly from the speaker. His brother was rising to leave the table; he tottered, and looked like a stricken old man; the words that had made him a youth to me, seemed to have covered him with a weight heavier than years; something that crushed and altered him beyond the power of time itself; and he passed out leaning heavily on Denny's shoulder, as if his strength had forsaken him. I rose to follow him, but Neill stayed me with his hand.

"I must go," I said, "he is suddenly ill, and maybe I can do something for him."

"He is not ill, and you can do nothing. I want to speak to you."

He gently forced me to sit, and looked at me closely.

"Do you feel frightened yet?" he asked.

"No, not frightened; but I am worried about what I saw. Does Sir Brian know it?"

Neill brought his face close to mine. And almost whispered—

"You saw the change a few words spoken of his early days have wrought in him. If you were to tell him what you saw, it would strike him powerless, senseless—maybe lifeless. You see what words can do for him, do you wish him so much harm."

I clasped my hands excitedly.

"'Harm?' wish Sir Brian harm; no, no, I love him dearly; and would rather suffer twice the pain myself, than inflict it on him."

"You are wise and brave, little Honora. I have said enough, it seems. Good-night, pretty maid. Good-night."

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRANGE SOUND.

Sir Brian's door, that used to stand ajar in friendly invitation, was closed that night, and I went up to my own chamber. There sat Madge, disposed for conversation, and doubly kind in consideration of her late harshness and the gift of the guinea, which Denny had promptly transmitted.

"Sir Brian is a noble gentleman," she began, as soon as I was seated; "and Denny Finn is an honest lad, as many a time I have said to Thaddy Rooney whin we were discoorsin' ov the family. Whin a body is free-handed and ginerous like, a body may have as many ways as a body plases. Sir Brian hasn't always the swate smiling look of Mr. Neill, but there's a raison for it, they say." Here she lowered her voice to a whisper and continued: "they say he loved Monica Herbert, and she broke his heart." She looked around cautiously, and crossed herself hastily, as a dull, muffled sound reached our ears.

"What's that?" we both cried out together, and stopped breathlessly to listen. It was very faint, and sometimes we lost it altogether, but in another instant it would sound again—thump, thump, thump! Heavily and slowly it came, neither nearer nor farther off, like the pendulum of a monster clock swinging to and fro.

"Let us go and listen in the hall," I suggested, when we had huddled close together in silence for a moment or two; "maybe it will explain itself when we hear it nearer."

"The saints in glory shinin'," cried Madge. "Is it to go sarchin' for a ghost, you mane? Plase God, I'll kape where I am, and jist pray that He may be betune me an' all evil."

In a mysterious way, by diving among her garments, Madge possessed herself of a rosary and put her plan in execution by dropping on her knees and betaking herself to prayer; but I could not rest, so I broke away from the hold she had on my skirt, and softly opening the door, stole out into the hall.

The same noise was there, no louder nor nearer—thump—thump—thump. I tried to think from what direction it might come, and following it, traced the sound beyond the arch in the hall to the door of the little parlor overlooking the lawn. The great stained glass lamp swung heavily above me where I stood, shedding its rich light around. I trembled in every nerve, but could not turn back without following the cause of my alarm to the utmost limit. Creeping softly along, I gained it at last; it was the white lady's chamber, and the noise came from it in heavy muffled strokes. I stooped level with the keyhole, and could see there was a light in the room; but that was all I could discover. The light took away the icy fear that was almost paralyzing me. "It must be some one," I thought; "spirits have no need of lights." I had just become thus assured, when the thumping I had heard ceased, and was succeeded by another sort of sound entirely. I could not describe it, but it seemed more like the turning of a screw or auger than anything else that I could recall. While this yet was continuing I fancied I heard the movement of some one toward the door, and breathlessly I turned and hurried back. When I got within the recess of the arch I found footsteps were crossing the great hall, and fearing to go further less I should be seen, I shrank within its shelter. They came on steadily until they reached the stair-top, and then began to descend. I peeped out; it was Neill Fogarty just below me. I saw the shining clusters of his hair with the warm light streaming on them as he passed beneath the many-colored lamp. He carried the loose gown on his arm, and something hid beneath it.

As soon as he was gone I hurried back into the room I had left, and found Madge as devout as I had left her. She seemed astonished at my returning alive, and turned a deaf ear to my explanation that some one had been beating against a wall in some of the rooms.

"Whist now, Miss Honora, will ye? and don't fash me wid sich talk. Bating a wall, indade. Who would be bating a wall, and what would they bate it for? Talk raison an' common sinse, and I'll give intil anything; but maybe the next thing you'll say is that Sir Brian or Mr. Neill was breaking and bating their own walls to paces for pure divarsion."

"Madge," I said, without risking her indignation further by arguing the point. "If you should see a spirit—"

"An' so I did jist, as I tould ye, Miss, if ye remimber what I said."

"Yes, I know," I continued, "but I fust want to ask you if *you* should see a spirit again, what would you do?"

"Cross myself, to be sure," she responded, briefly regarding me with wondering eyes.

"What else, Madge?"

"Well, thin, I would lave that, barrin' I should lose the use of my legs."

"Would you be sure to run, Madge?"

"Troth, would I, an' good speed I would make, too," she added.

"Then you would never find out about what it came for or what it wanted you to do for it. Would you, Madge?"

"The Lord be guiding ye, Miss Honora dear, whatever is wrong wid ye. I've enough to do and always had, without seekin' jobs from wraiths and goblins. Troth, I'll be in a bad way for somethin' to take up my time whin I begin that."

Madge so scouted any proposition of the spiritual investigation kind I could make, that I was fain to content myself by declaring, "If I should see anything, Madge, I should be terribly frightened, I know, but still I think I would go to it directly, because I'm too great a coward to have anything on my mind unexplained to distress and harass me."

"That's mighty quare now," said Madge; but she readily acceded to my proposition, that she should remain in my room all night and sleep on the sofa bed there, which was the most amiable thing that could have been done for a frightened girl of my temperament.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD DONOHUE.

Sir Brian was quite well again on the morrow, and rode away early, after giving me permission to take a stroll, on Madge's representation that I was pale with confinement in-doors. The clatter of his horse's hoofs had scarcely died away, when Neill issued forth in riding trim, and mounting, followed down the same road. I saw him from Sir Brian's window, where I stood; he did not glance toward the house, but spurred forward on his way. I took my old Spanish scarf, and throwing it around me went out at a little gate leading into the flower garden, at the south of the house, and began my ramble. Madge had warned me to keep at the side of the Reefs, and in view of my own window, that she might recall me at will. After I had looked among the flowers for some of my old Pasco favorites, and found few familiar blossoms, but many new and exquisite ones, I took a winding path that lost itself in a deep shade, where the leaves were heavy with dew, though it was wearing into mid-day. The sound of water beyond, rushing over tiny rocks, made a pleasant melody, with an unwearying repetition, like the echo of gentle words. I found the little stream and crossed it, jumping from rock to rock, and scrambled up its velvet bank sprinkled with double daisies. I was gathering these, finding the many shades that ranged from white to red, when I found myself before a heavy wall, like the one that guarded the entrance of the castle. Wondering at what point I might have arrived from the south turret, I stopped and tried to look around me, but the trees were too thick above me to disclose more than the outline of the dark stone pile, and I began to follow the wall, hoping it would lead me into open ground. In a little while I came to a gate in its side, a close, wooden gate, small and unornamented, opening inward. I turned the handle, and it sprang back easily. I looked in; a beautiful wilderness of roses and summer bloom lay before me. The garden I had passed through was scant and meagre compared with the abundant growth of beauty that confronted me. I was going to enter, when from among the trailing branches of a woodbine I saw an old man busy with a garden knife, singing softly to himself as he twined the falling tendrils over a lattice-arch.

"Is this Sir Brian's garden?" I asked.

He looked up very quickly, and seeing me hurried forward.

"Yes, Miss Honora," he said, when he reached the door, "it is Sir Brian's surely."

He bowed to me, and coming out closed the gate behind him hastily, and locked it with a key he took from his breast. As I stood surprised at the determined way in which he had shut me out, he continued—

"Have you been walking through the beech wood? There's a pretty bed of pinks of every color that's known; the air is full of fragrance as you come near it; and Sir Brian calls it his favorite spot."

"I have seen none so beautiful as the place within the gate," I urged, disappointed at being almost thrust out of it by this old man, who seemed to know me perfectly, although I had never seen nor heard of him before.

He was white-haired and slightly bent in figure; his face was seamed and wrinkled as with the traces of trouble or a hard life, but its expression was mild and pleasant, as if his grief or pain were all in the past and the present held only peace and quiet. I had stopped in the path and pointed back to the door in the wall from which he was leading me; and he paused also, and said,

"You asked if that was Sir Brian's garden, and I told you it was; but I did not tell you that he keeps it walled in and apart from the rest, because it is his wish that no one should disturb an old couple for whose comfort he has made it sacred.

"Ask Madge or Denny why old Donohue and his wife live here alone, and you will hear a story of his noble goodness."

"Will you not tell me of it, please? I feel freer here, under the open sky, than I do in the great rooms at the castle; and Madge talks of spirits, so that I am frightened when we are alone together."

"Madge is very foolish," he returned, with a troubled air. "Sir Brian would use a harsher word for her, if he knew that she spent her time so. Miss Honora, I beg and pray you'll give no heed to what she tells you; it's the silliest gossip of a silly woman."

His manner was very earnest, though quiet and subdued; and he watched me as I replied.

"Don't speak against Madge—if she has talked in that way, I must have encouraged her by asking questions. I am in fault as much as she is."

"What made you talk of these things, dear miss? Was it the foolish story of the White Lady, that they tell to frighten each other round the kitchen fire?"

"Yes, Madge told me she saw her once; but that did not frighten me, for I knew that it must have been a living person that she mistook for a spirit."

"Likelier to have been a shadow or a white sheep on the slope. Ladies would not be walking abroad at midnight, when tipsy folks come home from fairs."

We had reached the beech wood and stood among the lovely beds of carnations. I admired the many-colored flowers, and picked out my favorite shade, a dark crimson, but the old man praised the white the most, and indeed seemed to be strangely fond of blossoms of every hue, from the rapture he fell into over any new bed that he had not seen before. I told him I thought so, and he smiled and asked me if it was not right to love them dearly.

"Yes, I think so," I answered; "but if you'll forgive me, I think you are selfish, for your garden is finer than any of the castle grounds, and yet you keep your gate closed, that no one may admire it or share its pleasures with you. Is that right?"

He did not speak in reply to this for a time, and then answered softly:

"If you could learn to trust and submit in these early, happy days of your youth, you would be spared many a hard struggle maybe in the future. I have told you that it is Sir Brian's will I obey. It is not right for you to question further."

I was ashamed to have been so curious, and I told him so frankly, offering in excuse the idle life I always led, the little there was for me to do, and the employment that guessing and wondering at things had become to me.

He smiled kindly on me in assurance that he had forgiven my questionings, and cut a bunch of many-colored flowers with his garden knife, binding them into a nosegay with striped grass. When it was completed he gave it to me. I thanked him, and he smiled again; and taking off his wide straw hat, bent his head to me and went away among the trees.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ THE COMING WOMAN.—Olive Logan is credited with the following:—"If there is one occupation which is, more than another, mere waste of time, I think it is for an active, labor-competent woman to sit from morning till night with a limp-backed baby on her knees, devoting her whole energies successfully to the business of putting it to sleep." This brief paragraph gives an idea of what the "coming woman" will be.

☞ Rossini (the great musician) was mortally afraid of railways. He never but once in his life travelled in a railway-carriage, and that only for a few miles, and he himself related to a friend that he was in such a frightful agitation that he kept his eyes shut and his fists clenched all the time, and that when he got out of the train and opened his fists his nails were sticking fast into his flesh!

☞ We are not a church-going people. The country contains 57,000 places of worship. There is on each Sabbath an average of 1,500,000 of the population of the United States who attend church, 35,000,000 who do not! [Is there not some mistake about this? Would not the congregations average for the "57,000" places of worship *at least* 100 persons? If they would, it would make 5,700,000 instead of 1,500,000. —*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

☞ There is a tailor in New Orleans named Stitch, a shoemaker named Kick, a dentist named Gumpert, a gunsmith named Lock, and a carpet-bag clergyman named Satchell.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'RY 2, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers to a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 23, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We regret to say that we are out of our back numbers of THE POST up to the paper of December 12th.

We printed a large extra edition, and supplied those who applied for about two and a-half months; but we find that we have fallen short of the demand.

New subscribers will have to begin with the number of December 12th—and there could not be, we think, a better one to begin with; containing as it does, the opening of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Mrs. S—— writes us from New Hampshire:—

"I have taken THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for the last eleven years, and have my parlor full of pictures by its means. I have both the Niagara pictures, the 'Speaking Likeness,' 'One of Life's Happy Hours,' and 'Washington at Mount Vernon.' You have my best wishes for your future success."

☞ A gentleman writes us, when sending on a Club, "The cheapness of your paper makes it a very easy paper to canvass for."

That is so. Good as the best, and cheaper than any—is the motto of THE POST.

H. P. C.—We know of no publication that is offering a "Premium for Prize Poems." The sanity of an editor who should offer such a premium, would be doubted by many of his brethren.

GREAT WEALTH.

To those who think how delightful it must be to be a great millionaire, we commend the following account of the daily life of the late Baron James Rothschild:

The great financier had lived in France since 1815, and was considered a Frenchman. He was known as a man who occupied every day of his life in business, and was never away from the bank. His round, gray head was familiar to every Parisian who had anything to do with commerce, and scarcely a foreigner of any mark passed through Paris for many years past without seeing Baron James de Rothschild. He was particularly known to the aristocracy of England, and on very intimate terms with many of them. Baron Rothschild was known, too, for his many charitable acts, and as a purchaser of pictures and every description of antiquities. His life was scarcely a happy one, unless the absorbing love of money can compensate for every other pleasure. Up to a very late date he began his day by ringing for a gentleman to come into his room and read the English newspapers while his toilet proceeded. He would have the political and financial facts told him in as few words as possible. Another gentleman informed him of anything important in the French or German papers. From the moment he left his room his sons, and some of the clerks of the bank, were about him asking questions and receiving orders. Soon after the Bourse had commenced, the brokers' clerks began to arrive with quotations, which the baron looked at, and often gave orders to buy or sell, especially Italian stock, in which the house has a great interest. All sorts of people were calling all day long, and despatches and letters had to be referred to the chief. There was no repose for that mind—figures, money; more figures, more money. At table he knew not what he was eating, and the servant sometimes reminded the baron that he had not taken wine or tasted something before him. He could scarcely ever have seen a play or enjoyed music; no doubt his dreams were all about money. His art treasures he knew he possessed, but had no time to contemplate. Like other celebrated members of this remarkable family, he could work out financial calculations without pen and paper, and arrive at conclusions with wonderful rapidity.

Consider one fact. The yearly interest of $100,000,000 at six per cent. is $6,000,000. Now the task of reinvesting this yearly interest wisely—say $500,000 monthly—is no slight one, and is enough of itself to give a man a large amount of care and trouble.

Then the Principal, so widely invested as it must be, is continually demanding care and reinvestment. And these are matters that cannot well be given over even to the most trusty agent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WATCHWORDS FOR THE WARFARE OF LIFE. From Dr. MARTIN LUTHER. Translated and arranged by the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. January, 1869. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. January, 1869. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE GALAXY. January, 1869. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

Children and their Sayings.

Willie had just begun to go to school, but strange to say, he did not like it—for which reason I fear he can never become President of these United States. It was rather unfortunate, perhaps, that his first experience of school and of snow fell together. Temptation came to him in the shape of a sled, with red runners, and he fell an easy victim to it. So it was that about school-time he became subject to an accession of headache, which made confinement impossible, but did not at all interfere with his going out to slide after an hour or two at home.

One glorious morning, in particular, he came to his mother with a "dreffful" headache—school was not to be thought of under such circumstances.

"Very well, Willie," said she, "if you have a bad headache you may stay at home; but remember, you must not come afterward and ask to go and slide."

Not a half hour afterward up came Willie—his "dreffful" headache all gone—with the usual petition.

"No, Willie, you know I told you if you stayed at home I should not let you go out with your sled, and you would not have me tell a lie, would you?"

Willie turned away thoughtfully, but a moment afterward his face brightened up as he saw a path out of the dilemma, and he sidled up to his mamma with a confidential whisper:

"I don't want you to tell a lie, mother; but couldn't you *just fix it*, you know, as you do when you put me to bed and say you are not going out, and then go?"

Children are great realists, interpreting things in the most literal sense. To the infantile mind the beautiful metaphor of the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the day, conveys the idea of a tangible presence.

"I know," said a little boy to whom the passage was read; "just as papa does—with his hands behind him, and an old coat on!"

"I don't want to die and go to heaven," remarked a little girl, laying down her book; "but if God would let down a big basket and draw me up with a rope I think I should like it."

Another little girl, after having learned what a *post-mortem* examination was, declared that she would not consent to be so dealt with after death.

"What, not if it would be greatly to the benefit of those who lived?" asked her mother.

"No—how would I look going to heaven all cut to pieces!"

Children are generally very much exercised as to the appearance and impression they will make when they enter the golden portals. Lotta lying sick with a fever—a cousin of corresponding age had died shortly before—was loth to take her medicine, and a pair of ear-rings was promised her if she would. Soon after, while all supposed she was asleep, she burst out in a great fit of laughter. Asked what pleased her so, she replied: "Oh, it tickles me so to think how cousin Hiram will laugh when he sees me come walking into heaven with my new ear-rings!"

English Names.

Travelled Americans find something very odd in the abbreviative manner in which English people pronounce certain proper names. The Vale of Belvoir is a place known to fame, but, would you inquire the road to it, you must pronounce it Beaver, instead of going to your French for it. Pontefract, in whose castle Richard II. was murdered, and for whose borough Gully, the boxer, sat in Parliament, is always Pomfret from English lips. Cirencester is Ciscester; Cholmondeley is Chumley; Beauchamp is Beecham. Seven oaks is always Sennox, and from this is derived the enviable and euphonious patronymic Snooks. Arcedeckne, the name of a well-known English yatchman, is beautified into Archdeacon. Pall Mall would not know itself when pronounced Pell-Mell. Marchbanks is the conventional manner of pronouncing the stately but somewhat impracticable Marjoribanks. Wriothesly is Rotsley, and there is an affectation among the more priggish class of English swells of pronouncing Derby as if spelt Darby. Many other instances of perverted pronunciation might be adduced, but these will, perhaps, be sufficient for the present infliction—or inflection.

☞ A son has been born to Gen. Steinmetz, the bravest of the brave at the battle of Sadowa. The father, who was born in 1796, is 73 years old, and the mother, *nee* Mlle. de Krosigk, one of the most beautiful young ladies in Prussia, just nineteen.

☞ The Dubuque Times is responsible for the following strange story:—"A few days ago three maimed brothers from Minnesota crossed on the ferry to this side. One had lost both arms and legs, and the other two both legs. They related to Commodore Yates the following fearful incident:—Last winter the three brothers started to singing school with three young ladies, in an ox sled. On the way a heavy snow storm came up, and caused them to lose their way. After wandering about for hours, they were finally 'snowed in' on the prairie. Locked up in that snowy prison the three women were frozen to death, and the three brothers were so badly frozen as to result in their present maimed condition."

☞ In Paris, a blind beggar has appeared on the streets with the placard:—"Blind—father of a family of five children owing to a great misfortune."

☞ The Cornell University paper says that a few days ago a gentleman from Ithaca saw a farmer's boy standing by the roadside holding a horse, which he recognized. He asked the boy who was the owner of the horse, and the boy replied, "It belongs to a crazy Dutchman looking for birds' nests over yonder in the woods. The "crazy Dutchman" was Prof. Louis Agassiz.

☞ It is better to have strength of principle than of mere muscle, but better yet to have both. A man who is strong in intellect and instep is on the best terms with nature and the world.

☞ Rossini and Meyerbeer greatly esteemed each other, but seldom met. A friend once asked Rossini why he was not more familiar with his German rival. "You know he admits your 'Semiramide' and 'Cenerentola,' and you admire the merit of his chefs d'œuvre." "That is quite true," said Rossini; "but Meyerbeer and I cannot get on together." "But why not?" "Why, he always will have it that sauer kraut is a better thing than maccaroni." One was an Italian and the other a German.

☞ A man in Indiana was choked to death by a piece of beef on Thanksgiving Day, and his neighbors say it was a judgment on him for not eating turkey.

A Lot of Puzzles.

"Two brothers," began the professor impressively, addressing the hostess, "were walking together down the street, and one of them, stopping at a certain house, knocked at the door, observing, "I have a niece here, who is ill." "Thank Heaven," observed the other, 'I have got no niece;' and he walked away. Now, how could that be?"

"Why, it's a riddle," exclaimed Mr. Funnidog, delightedly.

"And one that you will not guess in a hurry, simple as it is," observed the professor confidently. "Come, ladies and gentlemen, solve the problem."

"I see——," ejaculated Mrs. Housewife.

"Hush! whisper in my ear," cried Puzzleton, with all the excitement of a child with a toy. "Don't let 'em hear it. 'Niece *by marriage*?' Stuff and nonsense. The thing is not any foolish kind of catch at all," and once more he glanced with hostility at Funnidog, as much as to say, "such as *he* would ask you." "Nothing can be simpler than my question. 'I've got a niece here, that's ill,' says one brother. 'Thank Heaven, I have not got a niece,' says the other. How can that be? You all give it up? Well, the invalid was his *daughter*."

"Oh, I *see*," said Mrs. Housewife despondingly. "How very stupid in us not to find it out."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," assented the remorseless savant. "The failure only shows how difficult it is for ordinary minds to grasp more than one idea at the same time. The attention is solely fixed on the different varieties of nieces."

"And also," observed Mr. Aloes (who was much displeased at being classed among 'ordinary minds',) "and also, the attention is naturally distracted from the point at issue by the brutality of the father's remark. Now, that is in itself a 'catch,' in my opinion."

"Well, sir, I will give you another simple exercise for the understanding, that has no such distracting element," observed the professor coolly. "A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. What relation were they to one another? Come, tell me *that*."

"Why, they were brothers," exclaimed the colonel, with the rapidity of a small boy at the bottom of his class, who hopes to gain promotion.

"No, sir,' answered the professor, regarding Thunderbomb with interest, as a significant type of some low order of intelligence; "they were not brothers, or I should scarcely have asked the question."

"They might be brothers-*in-law*," suggested Funnidog.

"Undoubtedly, they might be," replied Puzzleton, with a pitying smile; "but they were not."

"Stop a bit," observed Mr. Macpherson hurriedly, like one who has not got his answer quite ready, but yet does not wish to be anticipated. "The blind beggar, you say, had a brother, and the brother *died*. Well, of course, if one was *dead*, you know, they could not be brothers any longer."

"The idea is moral," observed the professor gravely, "but you have not hit upon the exact solution. The fact is, gentlemen, and ladies, a blind beggar may be either male or female. In this instance, she was a female. They were brother and sister."

"I call *that* a catch," said Aloes gloomily.

"Well, at all events, it was an easy one, and you all missed it," returned the professor, with quiet triumph. "Now, I will give you one more example of social arithmetic, which shall be in all respects *bona fide*. It is a simple question in subtraction, and all I ask of you is—since two or three guesses would arrive at the truth by mere elimination—to write down the reply on paper. A man went to a cobbler's and bought a pair of boots for sixteen shillings. He put down a sovereign, and the cobbler, having no change, sent for it to a neighboring public-house, and gave it him. Later in the day, the landlord of the inn sent in to say that the sovereign was a bad one, and insisted upon the cobbler making it right; which he accordingly did. Now, how much did the cobbler lose by the whole transaction? There is no sort of play upon words, or anything but a common sum in arithmetic."

"Why, its the easiest thing in the world," ejaculated Housewife. "Of course the cobbler lost just—"

"Be quiet, sir!" cried Puzzleton, very angrily. "Write it down, will you—if you *can* write."

"Scratch a Professor, and you find a Tartar," whispered Aloes. "You had better do as he wishes."

So we all wrote down what we imagined to be the loss which the cobbler had sustained; and it was wonderful how opinions differed within such narrow limits.

The colonel made him lose two pounds.

Mr. Aloes made him lose just a pound and the boots.

Mr. Funnidog made him lose just six-and-thirty shillings.

Mr. Macpherson made him lose sixteen shillings and the boots, minus the profit he made upon the boots (which, said the Professor, it was not necessary to take into consideration.)

Mr. Scale Hill, who used to investigate the bills of extortionate Swiss landlords, set down the loss with confidence at twelve shillings and the boots.

Mr. Smooth Smyler wrote: "I am not sure, but it seems to me he only lost eight shillings, besides the boots and his temper."

Housewife wrote: "Why, *of course*, he lost the boots and twenty-four shillings."

Mrs. Housewife and the ladies bit their pens, but declined to commit themselves. "They had never been taught, they said, the Rule of Three."

"You are all wrong," said the Professor, quietly, "as I expected you would be. The way to get at the matter is to consider what is gained. The landlord, and the whole story of his changing the sovereign, may be taken out of the question, since he is neither better nor worse for the transaction. The buyer of the boots gets in exchange for his bad sovereign four shillings and a pair of boots, and that is just what the cobbler loses."

"If one had only a room to one's self, and the whole day before one to do it in," sighed Mrs. Housewife, "I think I could answer any of these things."

"Very good, ma'am," said the Professor, "then answer me this, when I come to see you next. A man bought twelve herrings for a shilling; some were twopence apiece, some a halfpenny, and some a farthing—how many did he buy at each price?"

☞ A California paper says that the Chinese are getting so numerous on the Pacific coast, that they contemplate appointing missionaries to go among the Christians to convert them to the Chinese religion.

A Just Scheik and a Wise Cadi.

In the district of Ferdj' Onah, Algeria, (which signifies *Fine Country*), lives a Scheik named Bou-Akas-ben-Achour. He is also distinguished by the surname of *Bou-Djenoni* (the Man of the Knife), and may be regarded as a type of the Eastern Arab. His ancestors conquered Ferdj' Onah, but he has been forced to acknowledge the supremacy of France by paying a yearly tribute of 80,000 francs. His dominion extends from Milah to Rabouah, and from the southern point of Babour to within two leagues of Gigelli. He is forty-nine years old, and wears the Rabyle costume; that is to say, a woolen *gandoura*, confined by a leathern belt. He carries a pair of pistols in his girdle, by his side the Rabyle *flissa*, and suspended from his neck a small black knife.

Before him walks a negro carrying a gun, and a huge greyhound bounds along by his side. He holds despotic sway over twelve tribes; and should any neighboring people venture to make an excursion on his territory Bou-Akas seldom condescends to march against them in person, but sends his negro into the principal village. The envoy just displays the gun of Bou-Akas, and the injury is instantly repaired.

He keeps in pay two or three hundred Tolbas to read the Koran to the people; every pilgrim going to Mecca, and passing through Ferdj' Onah, receives three francs, and may remain as long as he pleases to enjoy the hospitality of Bou-Akas. But whenever the Scheik discovers that he has been deceived by a pretended pilgrim, he immediately dispatches emissaries after the impostor; who, wherever he is, find him, throw him down, and give him fifty blows on the soles of his feet.

Bou-Akas sometimes entertains three hundred persons at dinner; but instead of sharing their repast, he walks round the tables with a baton in his hand, seeing that the servants attend properly to his guests. Afterwards, if anything is left, he eats, but not until the others have finished.

When the governor of Constantinople, the only man whose power he recognizes, sends him a traveller, according to the rank of the latter, or the nature of the recommendation, Bou-Akas gives him his gun, his dog, or his knife. If the gun, the traveller takes it on his shoulder; if the dog, he leads it in a leash; or if the knife, he hangs it round his neck; and with any of these potent talismans, of which each bears its own degree of honor, the stranger passes through the region of the twelve tribes not only unscathed, but, as the guest of Bou-Akas, treated with the utmost hospitality. When the traveller is about to leave Ferdj' Onah, he consigns the knife, the dog or the gun to the care of the first Arab he meets. If the Arab is hunting, he leaves the chase; if laboring in the field, he leaves his plough; and taking the precious deposit hastens to restore it to Bou-Akas.

The black-handled knife is so well known that it has given the surname of "Bou-Djenoni, *the man of the knife*," to its owner. With this instrument he is accustomed to cut off heads, whenever he takes a fancy to perform that agreeable office with his own hand.

When first Bou-Akas assumed the government, the country was infested with robbers, but he speedily found means to extirpate them. He disguised himself as a poor merchant; walked out, and dropped a *doure* (a gold coin) on the ground, taking care not to lose sight of it. If the person who happened to pick up the *doure* put it into his pocket and passed on, Bou-Akas made a sign to his *chiaoux* (who followed him, also in disguise, and knew the Scheik's will) rushed forward immediately, and decapitated the offender.

In consequence of this summary method of administering justice, it is a saying among the Arabs that a child might traverse the regions which own Bou-Akas's sway, wearing a gold crown on his head, without a single hand being stretched out to take it.

The Scheik has great respect for women, and has ordered that when the females of Ferdj' Onah go out to draw water, every man who meets them shall turn away his head.

Wishing one day to ascertain whether his commands were attended to, he went out in disguise; and, meeting a beautiful Arab maiden on her way to the well, approached and saluted her.

The girl looked at him with amazement, and said:

"Pass on, stranger, thou knowest not the risk thou hast run."

And when Bou-Akas persisted in speaking to her, she added:

"Foolish man, and reckless of thy life; knowest thou not that we are in the country of Bou-Djenoni, who causes all women to be held in respect?"

Bou-Akas is very strict in his religious observances; he never omits his prayers and ablutions, and his four wives, the number permitted by the Koran. Having heard that the Cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in an admirable manner, and pronounced decisions in a style worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas, like a second Haroun-Al-Raschid, determined to judge for himself as to the truth of the report.

Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the Cadi's town, mounted on a docile Arabian steed.

He arrived there, and was just entering the gate, when a cripple, seizing the border of his burnous, asked him for alms in the name of the prophet. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold.

"What dost thou want?" asked the Scheik; "I have already given thee alms."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but the law says, not only 'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'That shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

"Well! and what can I do for thee?"

"Thou canst save me—poor crawling creature that I am!—from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now going on."

"And how can I save thee?"

"By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business."

"Be it so," replied Bou-Akas. And stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him, a business which was not accomplished without much difficulty.

The strangely-assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets; and at *length* they reached the market-place.

"Is this where you wish to stop?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself."

"What for?"

"To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just Cadi, and that if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favor."

"Why should he do so when the animal belongs to me?"

"Don't you think that when he sees us two,—you with your strong straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet,—he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has need of him!"

"Should he do so, he would not be the *just* Cadi," said Bou-Akas.

"Oh! as to that," replied the cripple, laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."

"So!" thought the Scheik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity for judging the judge." He said aloud, "I am content—we will go before the Cadi."

Arrived at the tribunal, where the judge, according to the eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would, of course, take precedence of theirs.

The first was between a *taleb*, or learned man and a peasant. The point in dispute was the *taleb's* wife, whom the peasant had carried off, and whom he asserted to be his own better half in the face of the philosopher, who demanded her restoration.

The woman, strange circumstance, remained obstinately silent, and would not declare for either; a feature in the case which rendered its decision excessively difficult. The Cadi heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow."

The *saeant* and the laborer each bowed and retired, and the next cause was called.

This was a difference between a butcher and an oil-seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood.

The butcher spoke first:

"I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now, I swear by the Prophet, that this man is a liar, when he says that I stole his money, for the money is truly mine own."

Then spoke the oil-merchant:

"This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket, and threw out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist and cried out, 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money, so I brought him here that your worship might decide the case. Now, I swear by the Prophet that this man is a liar, when he says that I want to steal his money, for it is truly mine own."

The Cadi caused each plaintiff to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said. "Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow."

The butcher placed the coins, which he had never let go, on the edge of the Cadi's mantle. After which he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal, and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

"My lord Cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country, with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented, but when we reached the market-place, he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him who wanted it most. That, my lord Cadi, is precisely the state of the case—I swear it by Mahomet!"

"My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, apparently half dead from fatigue. I good-naturedly offered to take him on the crupper, and let him ride as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me. But what was my astonishment, when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case—I swear it by Mahomet!"

Having made each repeat his deposition, and having reflected for a moment, the Cadi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow."

It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions. On the morrow a number of persons, besides those immediately interested in the trials, assembled to hear the judge's decisions.

The *taleb* and the peasant were called first.

"Take away thy wife," said the Cadi to the former, "and keep her, I advise thee, in good order."

Then turning towards the *chiaoux*, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows."

He was instantly obeyed, and the *taleb* carried off his wife.

Then came forward the oil merchant and the butcher.

"Here," said the Cadi to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his." Then pointing to the oil-merchant, he said to his *chiaoux*, "Give this man fifty blows."

It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Wouldst thou recognise thy horse among twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas.

"Yes, my lord."

"And thou?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the Cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst the twenty which were standing side by side.

"'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither.

The disguised Scheik obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable, as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He possessed quick eyes and a good memory, so that he was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

"'Tis well," said the Cadi; "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced.

"The horse is thine," said the Cadi to Bou-Akas. "Go to the stable and take him." Then to the *chiaoux*, "Give this cripple fifty blows."

It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

When the Cadi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him.

"Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge.

"No, quite the contrary," replied the Scheik. "But I want to ask by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two causes were decided as equitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Scheik of Ferdj' Onah, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

The Cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, can be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?"

"I did."

"Well, early in the morning, I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly, 'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands—she must belong to the *taleb*.'"

"Good," said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money?"

"Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly I did."

"Well; I took the money, and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'if this money belonged to the oil-merchant it would be greasy, from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true.'"

Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval.

"Good," said he. "And my horse?"

"Ah! that was a different business, and until this morning I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

"My object in bringing you separately to the stable, was not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned towards you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

Bou-Akas thought for a moment and then said:

"Allah has given thee great wisdom. Though oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. And yet, I know not; thou art certainly worthy to be Scheik, but I fear that I should but badly fill thy place as Cadi!"

Christmas.

The cycle of the days brings us again to the anniversary of that event from which modern civilization dates its origin. All the world hastens with joyous impulse to glorify the day afresh with festal crowns of flowers, with boughs of greenery, with the solemn incense of praise, with loving banquets, with sportive games and beguiling toys—with all that satisfies, and cheers, and elevates the heart of man. The immense power of Christianity is nowhere more apparent than in this universal homage and delight which surrounds the cradle of the Divine Infant; and the innocence of childhood and all its sweet engaging way take a holier lustre and derive a deeper charm in the light of those rays shed by the star above the manger of Bethlehem. For Christmas day is pre-eminently childhood's day, the apotheosis of the Babe. That which is last becomes first in estimation and honor. For children the banquet glitters; for children the music of sweet revelry is breathed; for children the Christmas tree bursts into bloom of fire and weighs down its branches with wondrous fruitage.

And yet, delightful as are the associations of the day, it claims a dubious, if not an idolatrous origin. For eighteen centuries that vast agglomeration of churches and sects called Christianity has somewhere about this period of the year celebrated the birthday of the Redeemer; yet we are lost in uncertainty as to the actual date of that event; and it is much to be feared that the early church lent itself to a pious fraud by giving out that the birth of Jesus took place near the time of the winter solstice, in order to throw an air of sanctity over the pagan orgies wherewith the ancients were wont to celebrate the returning march of the sun—orgies which the elders of Christianity found themselves powerless to suppress. A recent writer says: "In most nations of ancient and modern times, the period of what is popularly called the winter solstice, appears to have been recognized as a season of rejoicing. The deepening gloom and the increasing sterility which have followed the downward progress of the sun's place in Heaven would generally dispose the minds of men to congratulation at the arrival of that period when, as experience had taught them, he had reached his lowest point of influence with reference to them; and the prospects of renewed light and warmth and vegetation afforded by what was considered as his returning march might naturally be hailed with scenes of thanksgiving and the voice of mirth. The Roman Saturnalia, which fell at this period, were seasons of high festivity, honored by many privileges. The spirit of universal mirth and unbounded license was abroad, and had free charter; friends feasted together, and the quarrels of foes were suspended." This pagan origin of the anniversary accounts for many of the peculiarities that hang about the celebration; and these will be adverted to shortly. We are not now in a position to determine whether the Apostles celebrated Christmas; but that the festival makes its appearance very early in the history of the Christian church is indubitable; since Clemens Romanus, it is said, about the year 70, ordered that the birthday of Christ should be celebrated on the very day when it is now kept. From his time to that of Bernard, the "last of the Fathers," as he is called, the feast is mentioned in an unbroken series. A tract called "Festorum Metropolis," published in 1652, cites the names of Ignatius, Cyprian, Athanasius, Gregory Nazienzen, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Augustine, Bede, and others, as lending the sanction of their authority to the festival. One very remarkable fact in connection with the day has been preserved in the Martyrologies. When, about the year 302, the Christians of Nicomedia were assembled in the temple to celebrate the Nativity, the tyrant Diocletian had it enclosed and set on fire, and as many as twenty thousand persons, of all ages, are said to have perished. In the earliest period of church history the Greek and Latin rites differed slightly in regard to the date of the feast, the former keeping it on the 6th of January. But in the fourth century the Eastern Church changed the festival to the same day as the Western churches, and since that period all Christendom has been, on this point at least, at accord.

But once mankind was settled in the belief that Christmas day was indeed the day of the Nativity, all the tender solemn fancies that the birth of Jesus would certainly evoke, and all the charming conventionalities wherewith paganism had adorned the season, were sure to cluster round it; as when the chemist drops a thread into the saturated solution, a multitude of crystals immediately begin to form upon its filaments, and the poor barren piece of string presently flashes with the lustre of a thousand jewels. The Christmas decoration of houses and temples is one of the most marked, and at the same time, most graceful relics of paganism. "Trymmings of the temples withe hangynges, flowers, boughes, and garlondes," says Polydore Vergil, "was taken of the heathen people, whiche decked their idols and homes withe suche arraye." This practice, opposed as it was to the austerity of thought, which marked Puritanism, was denounced by all the Puritan leaders, and among the great mass of controversial tracts of the 17th century are to be found many a diatribe levelled against church decoration. But the practice survived the attacks; and now with each recurring season we observe more and more attention paid to the subject. In the olden time, holly and mistletoe were the favorite evergreens for purposes of decoration. The old ballad writers love to feign a sort of strife between the holly and the ivy, as to which should gladden the home of man and give expression to his joyous fancies:

Holly stond in ye hall, fayre to beholde,
Ivy stond without ye dore, she ys ful sore a-cold,
Holly and ivy's mery men, they dawnsyn and they syng:
Ivy and hur maydenys they wepyn and they wryng.

CHURCH DECORATIONS.

At later periods we find laurel, rosemary, yew, cypress, myrtle, and laurustinum added to the list of plants used for Christmas ornament. In America we principally use the foliage of fir, pine, and cypress for these purposes. The florists have invented a plan of weaving the small twigs of pine and fir into a long continuous roll, something resembling a cord of chenille, about three or four inches in diameter, and this is found most admirable and convenient, especially for the dressing of churches. It is wreathed around the pillars, carried along cornices, hung in festoons from point to point, carried along the edge of chancel arches, and cut into lengths to form the letters of inscriptions. This material is also largely used for the ornamentation of ball-rooms, the trimming of articles of furniture, chandeliers, brackets, and so forth, in private houses; and in fact lends itself readily to every species of adornment. Churches are also decorated with boughs of pine and fir, formed into stars and trophies: and it is not unusual to see small pine trees fixed on each side of the communion table or altar—the chancels being for the time transformed into pleasant little arbors. In viewing churches thus adorned one is reminded of the words of the prophet: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious." The decorations of the sanctuaries of churches is completed by the placing of a large and beautiful cross of rare flowers upon the holy table; while above runs an inscription, which is most generally the angelic doxology uttered to the amazed shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem. "Glory to God in the highest: on earth peace; good will towards men;" but other texts of holy writ are not infrequent. A star of gas-lights is often added, and this contributes much to the effectiveness of the display. The font usually contains a huge pyramid of choice flowers. The resources of the florist's art seem in modern times inexhaustible; at any period of the year, even at a season so dark and gloomy as this, he can produce to order the most exquisite of blossoms; and Nature has sent him a new resource unknown to older botanists—those singular varieties of plants, of which the gorgeous leaves rival in beauty all the favorite flowers that once were thought unrivalled. With these he fashions posies of a new and strange lustre; with these he frames curious devices and monograms that add a new splendor to the walls of churches and homes. Flowers thus interwoven give a sweeter emphasis and meaning to the thoughts which half conceal themselves in these pleasing symbols.—*N. Y. World.*

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 9½@10¾ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 4@6½c ₩ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Dentists recommend Burnett's *Tooth Wash*. It is very much superior to powders. A few drops upon a brush will cleanse the mouth thoroughly. Sold by all druggists.

☞ Careful observation by scientific men has proved that the greatest known velocity of the largest ocean wave is nine hundred miles an hour.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the twin remedies on which depends more than one-half the civilized world for health. Diseases which have baffled all medical skill disappear before their wonderful healing and cleansing virtues.

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Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1869, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village of the United States. dec5-4

Those Possessed of Common Wit

Buy bottles that white wrappers fit;
But fools are often caught and sold,
With tinted wrappers, brown and old.

Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, full pints, price $1, is sold by all respectable druggists. Wolcott's PAIN PAINT is the most efficient remedy for pain. Buy it. Try it. jan2-2t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists. mar16-cow-1f

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

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Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

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Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.

Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.

Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.

Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*

Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.

Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb22-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Dec., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOHN A. CAPANAGH, of this city, to Miss MATTIE J. CURTIS, of Berlin, N. J.

On the 10th of Dec., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOSEPH WELLS to Miss ELIZA J. GEAR, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 17th of Dec., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. R. B. MOWBRY to Miss MARY E. KILPATRICK, both of this city.

On the 17th of Dec., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM G. RUSSELL to Miss SALLIE A., daughter of Phil. L. Dubosq, Esq., both of this city.

On the 15th of Dec., by the Rev. John H. Castle, D. D., Mr. THOMAS ALLEN to Miss MARIE LANGE, both of this city.

On the 13th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, OSCAR SCHERLE to MATILDE LICHFELD, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Nov. 24th, LIZZIE R., wife of L. W. Hamlin, of Hollisterville, Pa., aged 26 years.

On the 21st of Dec., EDWARD L. HUGHES, aged 35 years.

On the 21st of Dec., CHARLES MORRIS, aged 74 years.

On the 20th of Dec., JAMES P. ALLEN, in his 57th year.

On the 20th of Dec., HANNAH, wife of Philip Mitton, aged 38 years.

On the 19th of Dec., MARY, wife of Geo. Apel, in her 20th year.

On the 19th of Dec., RICHARD WHITTAKER, aged 41 years.

On the 19th of Mrs. ELIZABETH ROHER, in her 72th year.

On the 18th of Dec., Mr. HENRY G. DE BUHLO, aged 49 years.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
  Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
  If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
  For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
  For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
  Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
  Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
  Catch the frown upon our brow,
Would the print of rosy fingers
  Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
  How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
  Strewn along our worldly track!
How those little hands remind us,
  As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
  For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music—
  Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets,
  Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
  Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
  Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
  None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
  As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
  With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
  Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
  Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
  Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
  In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
  All the briars from our way.

THE ABBOT'S POOL.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER VI.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small:
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.—*Longfellow.*

"How is she?" asked Mrs. Carter of old Isaot the following day.

"She's living yet, but the Lord 'll take her to hisself, poor lamb, afore long, there can't be no doubt. Her poor baby be gone before her."

"The baby born? Born dead?"

"Never breathed, poor dear; a boy. Poor missus went off into them fearful convulsions so soon as he were born, and, since they be gone off, she have never noticed nor asked nothing; and Mrs. Baker, she up and telled her at last as how 't was gone, thinking to rouse her; but you might just as well try to rouse a stone."

"When do you expect Mr. Denbigh?"

"Master can't be here yet awhile," said Isott, her shrewd old face suddenly assuming an utterly expressionless stolidity. "By the very last train to-night, p'raps; but I can't say noways."

"I should like to see her, if I might," said the lady, advancing into the passage; but Isott did not move.

"The house to be kept so quiet as possible; them was our orders," she remarked, looking straight before her: so decided a hint that Mrs. Carter could only stop short, and say, as she prepared to depart—

"Then I must not come in, I suppose? But, if she should get conscious by-and-by, pray, think of me!"

Isott gave her promise with the cheerful alacrity of a person determined beforehand to break it; and slowly and sadly Mrs. Carter turned away. Then Isott, without returning to the sick-room, betook herself to the parlor, and sat down close to the window, whence she could see up and down the lane. It was not very long before the swing of the gate and the sound of a quick, decided step on the gravel made her look eagerly out, and, before the bell could ring, she had flung open the door, and stood face to face with her master. His upright figure looked more full of vigor than ever after the exhilaration of his five miles' walk, and his face was brighter than usual with the pleasure of returning home. Walking from Slowcombe by the footpath across the fields, he had heard no ill tidings, and, with a hasty nod to Isott, was striding past her, hurrying to find his wife, when the old woman seized his arm in a grip which had a moral, if not a physical, power in it he could not resist, drew him into the parlor, and closed both doors.

"Master Philip," she said, unconsciously returning to the nursery language of old days, "'tis all a come out. There was a gentleman here last night, and he's telled un how Cap'n Clavering wasn't never drownded at all; and how he hid come home last January was three year'; and the vicar do know it, and Mrs. Carter do know it; but they shouldn't a talked without seeing as the door was fast, when they was talking about your business, and I not so very far off. I made so bold as to open your letter to missus this mornin', and when I did see as you was a goin' to start afore you could get that there telegraph, and get here afore you was expected, it did seem quite a Providence."

Isott never looked at her master, while she hurried out these words; she was studying the hem of her apron, and trying hard to control her violent trembling. If she had looked up, she would have seen a gray shade pass over Mr. Denbigh's always pale face; but his voice was as steady as ever, as he sternly asked—

"Are you gone out of your mind?"

"No, Master Philip," she said, speaking more calmly, "that I bain't, and you do know as I bain't, right well. I don't ax no questions 'bout that there stranger as come the night you knows of. I don't ax ye nothing at all about it; 'tis all between your conscience and God A'mighty; but they'll be after ye—they will—so sure as you be alive; and here's twenty pounds as Jonathan and I'll never ax ye for again; and take my advice, do ye now, and go off—go off to once—that'll pay your journey—for I do love ye, my dear," she wound up, bursting into piteous sobs and tears—"I do love ye. I always did! Oh, don't ye, don't ye bring my gray hairs wi' sorrow to the grave!"

The pathos of passionate earnestness in the old woman's voice made a strange contrast to her master's self-contained manner.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked, in his quick hard tone, just pushing away the hand which Isott held out to him, clutching her hard-earned savings.

"Missus? Oh, sir, do 'ey go, do 'ey go to once! 'T ain't no use thinking of missus, sir; she won't know ye."

"She is ill!" he said; and was striding to the door, but Isott threw herself between him and it, and seized his arm again.

"Take my advice, sir, do ye. Poor missus 'on't be here long; but if she could speak, I know her last words 'ould be, go go! The Lord 'll take her to hisself, sir, as He have the poor dear baby; but you, O, do ye be off to once, or right or wrong, they 'll hang ye—they will for certain."

He had stood like a man petrified while she spoke of his wife's state, but when she recurred to his own affairs he impatiently interrupted.

"Let me go to your mistress."

Isott, stalwart old peasant as she was, found herself thrust aside by one push of his hand, and he hurried from the room and up the stairs with long noiseless steps.

There was no sound in the darkened room, for Mr. Scott, after hours of devoted attendance, had left the house for a little while, promising to return to meet the physician who had been telegraphed for from Briswick. The old nurse kept watch alone. She rose as the door was opened, and the husband walked up to the bedside, and there stood, gazing, heart-stricken, at the sight before him. The convulsions which had racked his wife's frame for hours had spent themselves at last, but Philip's experienced eye saw in a moment that all hope was gone. He saw that there was death in the heavy nerveless attitude of the straightened limbs, death in the labored breath, death in the white face. The nurse, struck with pity at his dumb despair, began to whisper some common-place form of consolation; the sense did not reach him, but the sound brought him to the consciousness that she was present, and he signed to her to leave the room. Reluctantly she obeyed, and, as the door closed upon her, Philip Denbigh's self-control was lost in overpowering agony; he sank on his knees, and buried his face on the bed with a bitter groan.

Elsie's extreme exhaustion had probably made her appear more dead than she really was to the outer world, for she stirred at the sound, and he saw the baby lips quiver and a fluttering consciousness dawn on the white face; then she opened her eyes, and looked at him: first with a blank vacant gaze, then something of the old beaming look which always welcomed him; then with an expression of overpowering horror, as she feebly turned her head and tried to hide her face in the pillow. All he saw at that moment was, that there was life in the movement, and he bent over her, holding to her lips a spoonful of some cordial that stood near the bed. But she would not move to take it, and as he implored her to do so in passionate caressing words, the sick horror in her face deepened, and she gasped feebly:

"I can't; I am dying. Thank God!" Then, collecting all her strength, she looked full at him, steadily and fixedly, until his eyes dropped, and his head sank under her gaze. In a stronger voice, and with unnatural calmness, she asked, "Philip, did you kill him?"

Her husband scarcely started at the words; it seemed to him that he had acted the whole scene already, and knew beforehand what she was going to say. In that stupendous moment he felt that he could no more lie to his dying wife than he could form his lips to tell her the dreadful truth. Again he sank on his knees and hid his face.

"Oh, my poor Herbert—my poor, poor Herbert!"

He could not endure that her last thought should turn to the man who had been his rival, and whom he hated because he had injured him.

"Elsie!" he broke out, in a smothered voice of passionate emotion, "it was done for you; I have so loved you—and now you hate me! Oh God! I am punished—I lose you—in this world—I lose you in the next!"

"No, no," she cried. And her hand wandered to her forehead, as if she were trying to seize some idea that was escaping her. "I can't say it; the words won't come. God can forgive everything—everything—even that—"

Obeying his wild unreasoning impulse to grasp his treasure and hold her back from the destroying angel, Philip bent over her, and threw his arms about her, longing unutterably to win from her one look, one kiss, such as she had used to give him—such as could never, never more be his whether she lived or died. As he took her cold hand it drew shiveringly back; she shrunk into herself to escape the clasp of his arms; and, with a last effort, turned away to avoid the touch of his lips.

Mr. Scott and the Briswick physician arrived. After their first sorrowful greeting to Mr. Denbigh, they began to talk in whispers, appealing now and then to the husband as to a brother doctor; but he stared at them with a vacant expression, and soon sat down, like a man stunned, on the sofa at the foot of the bed, laid his arms on the table before him, and buried his face. The medical men could only stand and look on mournfully, feeling their powerlessness to help her, and deeply touched by the sight of the fair young dying face. Sounds of village life now and then came in through the opened window; once old Isott crept in with her tear-stained face and took her station by the bedside. Still, the husband never moved. His whole soul was absorbed in two ideas, each full of overwhelming agony,—that his wife was dying, and that her last conscious act had been to turn away from him with horror.

He knew, sooner than any of the other watchers, when the faint breathing ceased; but though his heart gave a bound as the awful stillness sank over the room, he did not stir until a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and it was whispered to him that all was ended. Then he rose, and with staggering steps, went to the bedside, and stood leaning against the wall, unable to support himself. Presently he became aware that the attendants had left him alone with the dead; and then, and not till then, as he threw himself upon her, there broke from him, with an exceeding bitter cry, the words:

"My God! my God! Have I sold my soul for this?"

An hour later, when the last sad arrangements had been made, and the darkened room had acquired that chill stiff neatness which is one of the accompaniments of death, the nurse and Isott were surprised to see him come in. There was that in his face which sent the scared women out of the room, appalled at the sight of his anguish. He stood motionless for some minutes, looking fixedly down on the cold, white face which had lately been so beaming with happiness, which had been so lovely, and so dearly loved, and to which death was already restoring its usual calm and sweet expression.

Presently he spoke, bending over her as if she could still hear him:

"Elsie, I loved you too dearly. I have risked my soul for you; my love has been your curse and your death. But if you can hear me now, you shall know that I love you more dearly than ever. You are mine, mine only, and mine you shall be for eternity as well as for time; and if all you have believed is true, and if God can forgive, and if disgrace and agony and death can expiate crime, I will meet you again, Elsie. And when we meet again, you will not turn from me as you did this day. Over your body I swear it, my darling. O, my poor murdered darling."

He spoke solemnly, as if binding himself by a vow; and then did not attempt to kiss her or to touch her, but departed with one long last look.

Soon after, old Isott, hearing the front door close, ran to the window, and saw her master moving rapily, but with a strange, uncertain tread, down the lane towards the village. Eagerly she watched, and saw him pass the turn which led to Slowcombe, and straight on into the village street.

The vicar was sitting mournfully in his study, puzzled, and grieved, and anxious, listening to Mr. Smith. The door opened, and as the stranger started to his feet, following the vicar's example, it almost seemed to them that they had raised a spirit from its troubled grave.

Mr. Carter uttered the exclamation, "Denbigh!"

"You are a magistrate," he said, looking straight in the vicar's face, and speaking slowly as if he were repeating a lesson by rote: "that is why I come to you. Are you looking for Herbert Clavering? Drag the Abbot's Pool, and you will find all that remains of him; he died there on the 14th of January, three years ago."

"By his own hand?"

"By mine. He came to me that evening, when I reached my house in the dark, after my day's work; there he was, standing, waiting, for there was no one in the house to admit him. He told me no one knew of his coming. I should not have known him myself, he was so worn and altered. I had no evil intention then—I call God to witness I had none. He wished to go on at once; but that could not be—it would have killed her. I stopped him; I told him she was away—staying with friends in London. I don't know what I told him—anything to gain time. I set food and drink before him; I gave up my own bed to him; when I had shown him the room, I went back to my sitting-room down stairs, and there—there—I thought of the next day. I sat and brooded—not for myself—it was not myself I was thinking of, heaven knows! There was a sound at the door. There he was; he told me he could not rest; that he had rested very little since all his sufferings. He begged me to give him something. He pointed to the surgery door, and asked me if I had nothing there which could make him sleep. Then I saw it all before me; not until that moment; but then, as he stood and looked at me, I felt that I could kill him—that I could trample him down out of my way."

For a moment, the knitted brow and working mouth bore legibly enough the brand of Cain; but his emotion passed, and he went on in the same dead manner:

"When he took it, he asked me, 'Are you sure it will make me sleep?' I answered, 'Quite sure.' And then—afterward—when it was over—I tied a leaden door-weight round his neck, and cast him into the Abbot's Pool. This is all I have to tell."

Some days afterwards, the vicar, riding sorrowfully home in the twilight from the magistrates' meeting at Slowcombe, felt his horse start as he turned in at his own gate, and his own strung-up nerves tingled somewhat at sight of a dark figure barely distinguishable from the group of trees under which it stood. Emerging into the road, it came nearer, and he saw that it was his wife, with a shawl thrown over her head.

"I could not help coming out. How has it gone?"

"There could be only one result," said the vicar, sadly, dismounting, and leading his horse; "he is committed to take his trial at the next assizes."

"Have they dragged the pool?"

"Yes."

"Does the wretched man feel it, or is he as cast-iron as ever."

"He says as little as possible, but these last few days have changed him fearfully. His hair is white, and he stoops like an old man. Oh, yes, Mary, he does feel it! There is the punishment of Cain upon him, 'greater than he can bear.'"

"Of course he will plead guilty?"

"His only wish is, that his guilt should meet its full punishment. I half imagine that that absorbing passion which has ruled his concentrated nature, and warped it so fearfully for evil, is at last turning it to good. I could almost fancy that, when he saw his wife die, he realized, for the first time, that there must be an eternity to set straight the wrongs and sorrows of time. I think he has a strange thought, that he will expiate his crime, and meet her again. It is guess-work on my part,—he says nothing. But God's ways are wonderful."

"Your sympathies are all with him," cried Mrs. Carter. "Have you no feeling for poor Herbert Clavering? I have been thinking of him only, all this time. Oh, John, whatever happens to that miserable man, he has deserved it!"

"Who are we," said her husband, solemnly, "that we should judge him? We must leave his body to the justice of man, and his soul to the mercy of God."

They had reached the door of the parsonage, and the vicar, relinquishing his horse to the man who was waiting for it, drew a long breath, and turned into the drawing-room, as if he had done with the subject. His wife felt that he wanted to be cheered after the trying day; but she could not force her thoughts at once out of the mournful channel, and she ran up stairs for a moment's quiet in her dark bed-room. She looked across the fields, and saw a distant light shining, as she knew, at Abbot's Portion, in the room of death. She imagined the scene where Elsie lay, white and still, with her baby on her bosom, and where old Isott sobbed and wept as she folded away the dainty little garments that had so recently been prepared with so much pride and pleasure, never to be worn. The old woman was thinking of another baby whom she had tended, and nursed, and worshipped, thirty long years before; and her faithful heart was breaking.

Mrs. Carter dried her eyes and crossed the passage to her nursery. The fire was burning cheerily, and the three youngest children, fresh and rosy from their evening bath, were gathered around it in their little white dresses, waiting till mamma should come to hear their prayers. A thrill of mingled thankfulness and pain shot through the mother's heart at the sweet home picture. The children wondered why she kissed them so fervently as they clustered round her knee, and why she gathered the little hands so closely into her own as she heard their innocent voices, unconscious of sin and sorrow, lisp out the petition, whose force they so little understood: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen." THE END.

THE END.

BY ELLEN M. FERRIS.

Yes, I give back the troth that you plighted
  To me when the summer was young,
When we wandered at eve 'neath the maples
  That over the avenue hung,
And you called on the stars to witness,
  While you murmured the old sweet tale;
And you said who had love for his ally,
  In the battle of life should prevail—
While my heart grew hot as I listened,
  For you poured out your words like wine,
And I drank, as a saint from the chalice
  Drinks the wine of life divine.

But the beautiful summer is over;
  December comes pallid and drear;
And our souls are as changed as the season,
  And our hearts are as cold as the year.
We listened to love in the summer,
  But 'tis prudence that counsels us now;
And the blight of the world is upon me,
  And its cares have o'ershadowed your brow.
Love is for who can afford it,
  And sentiment will not win bread;
And the safest of allies is money,
  We know, after all has been said.

Have I spoken your thoughts too plainly,
  That you listen with darkening eyes?
Man! I know it is the truth I am saying,
  In spite of your feigned surprise.
I have seen how your love was changing,
  I have seen how your heart grew cold;
We were children together one summer,
  But now we are wise and old.
I have seen, but I did not blame you—
  You must make your way in life;
And I own I think that I never
  Was meant for a poor man's wife.

You look at me coldly, to wonder
  Where I learned so worldly a part;
But I am no pining school-girl,
  To grieve o'er a fickle heart.
It was you who set me the lesson;
  I learned it—what more can you ask?
You should blame not me, but the teacher
  With whom I have conned my task.
We must live as the world we live in;
  I wish you success in your line;
So, bid me good-bye, and wish me
  An equal success in mine.

Now speak if you will, but I fancy
  It had best be a simple adieu;
And remember that sentiment's banished
  Forever betwixt me and you.
Yet, if it will please you to know it,
  As we pass on our different ways,
I shall sometimes dreamily linger
  O'er the memory of those days,
When we fancied we loved each other—
  Days when we were foolish and young,
When we wandered under the maples
  That over the avenue hung.

—*N. Y. Leader.*

HOW I WAS RUN AWAY WITH;

OR,

The Difficult Circumstances of Captain Mannering.

PART I.

WHAT WAS SUFFERED.

Before describing my difficulties to my friendly readers, I must give a short catalogue of those of my own family who were immediately connected with my perplexities at that particular point of experience to which my difficulties belonged.

My mother, who was a widow, lived on our paternal estate in the respectable middle-sized house known as Cleavedon Court. My youngest sister, Julia, lived with her; she was very pretty, lively, and clever; the pet of the family, and aged eighteen. My elder brother, Major Mannering, was with his regiment in Canada. He had married a lovely and well-dowered Irish girl, whom I called sister Mellicent. Then, between myself and little Julia we had two married sisters, Mrs. Thornhill, who lived a few miles distant from Cleavedon Court, and Lady Buxton, who was, at this difficult moment of my life, on a visit to her.

As to myself, I was at home on leave; my regiment was in India, and I had wasted all the two years of my term of absence, and had begun on a six months' extension which I had been lucky enough to get, in wild conjectures as to what on earth I was to do in my state of perplexity. And my perplexity arose from the fact of the time coming on for lodging the money for my majority and my having no money to lodge; I did not know of any one who would be likely to give me money, and I was not so circumstanced as to allow of the hope of any one advancing me any. My father had paid for my company and had given me five thousand pounds. One way and another I had got rid of that money. I was to have ten thousand more on my mother's death; but this was so united to the questions of survivorships, and probable wives, and possible children, that I was, in a settlement point of view, a marriageable man, but not a man whose prospects in the future were such as to induce any money-lender to begin upon my robbery and speculate upon my ruin.

This might have been consoling when viewing life as a grand whole, crowned with gray hairs, and three-score and ten years of health and respectability; but, as a young man, full of life, with hopes indefinite, and plans unsettled, gay-hearted, popular, strong, and, as even my steadiest and best friends allowed, decidedly handsome, what was this far-away future to me? I wanted the money for my majority; all life was condensed into that fact. Where was I to get it? All speculation was contained in the question.

Everybody said, Alfred must marry. But to me marriage was the very vaguest idea possible. I had had my little love affairs, but I had never fallen into the abyss to any such depth as to make it impossible to scramble out without help of clergy. I had contemplated marriage as a serenely happy future. I had smoked many pipes in peaceful dreaming over the home of the days to come; and I had seen, "by the smoke that so gracefully curled," visions paradisaical; but no particular Eve had ever so turned her face towards me as to make me sure that I should know her again. But now—now that I wanted money, what should I do? Why, marry, of course!

We Manneringe were not a silent people, given to keeping our anxieties secret, or to broodings mysteriously over the dark past. We told our loves, explained our griefs, described our misfortunes, and rehearsed our experience; of course, we had unfailing animal spirits—very communicative people always have. My mother wrote to the Major in Canada, my little Julia wrote to "the other sisters," and each of them replied from their different towers of observation, "Alfred must marry." "You must marry," echoed my mother. "Oh! who *can* you marry?" exclaimed Julia, and *she* had put the idea into a practical form.

As to marrying, I hated marrying for money; for, notwithstanding my unlucky loss of the patrimonial five thousand, I was a very good sort of fellow. It went dreadfully against the grain to think of selling myself. But still, sometimes, I felt mad enough to do anything. The loss of the money that was to have bought me on was very irritating. I was growing miserable, and I felt in despair, for there was no heiress to fall in love with, nor even a rich widow to accept me as a sacrifice. My difficulties were affecting my health, and my perplexities depressing my spirits.

In this extremity there came, what my mother called "a Providence." The manifestation was in the shape of a letter from Mellicent, containing these sentences: "Alfred should marry pretty Lucy Lorimer. She is fifty times off my cousin. She has at least forty thousand pounds, and she is one of the dearest girls in the world. Charlie Moore was in love with her; oh! he left *ours* because of *that*. Surely Alfred must know him. He joined in India before Alfred sailed, I think. But there is something to know, and, as I have written to Lucy to say she is to belong to us, and that her aunt, Mrs. Marmaduke Smith, had better offer you a visit, I may as well tell you the mysteries at once."

So then, our sister Mellicent—Mrs. Alexander Mannering—in two closely-written pages, explained "the mysteries" at full length. Shortly, all mysteries were confined to these few facts. There had been three brothers called Lorimer. The eldest and youngest had married, and the middle one had died a bachelor. They had made a good deal of money. Mrs. Marmaduke had first married the eldest brother and then Mr. Smith. In her state of second bereavement she had gone to the youngest Mr. Lorimer, then a widower, and kept house for him. Finally, the bachelor-brother had come to live with them, and it was said generally, and probably with justice, that Mrs. Marmaduke Smith ruled the entire fortunes of the house of Lorimer. In course of time, she and Lucy were left alone, she with a good annuity, in addition to a handsome fortune left by Mr. Smith, and Lucy with a large fortune, which was to be her own at twenty-five or at any previous time, on her marriage, provided such marriage was made with Mrs. Smith's consent. Lucy was only twenty-two when Charlie Moore appeared on the scene. They had together begged and prayed for the merciful countenance of Mrs. Marmaduke Smith, and together they had failed. And now it was proposed that I should sell myself to pretty Lucy Lorimer; that is, marry a girl who, for two years before, had been asking on her knees for leave to marry dashing, handsome Charlie Moore, the pet of his regiment, and take her back into Charlie's fascinating company. This was to sell myself at a risk, certainly. Even suppose Lucy fell in love with me in obedience to the aunt's orders, and in compliance with my own suggestion, was I going to like a girl who could fall in love twice within a limited time, and not shrink from the idle intimacies of Indian life, with dear little Charlie Moore, her almost broken-hearted lover, in it, and myself, as her husband, looking on? I did not like the prospect. You will allow that things might have looked pleasanter.

"Well," said my mother, "it's a providence."

"And here," said Julia, "is an Irish letter, mamma."

And, sure enough, Mrs. Marmaduke Smith had written fixing a day for her arrival, under an assurance "from Mrs. Major Mannering, with the regiment in Canada, that she should be welcome." She had long wished to show Lucy a little more of England, and might she bring with her a friend of her late last husband, Lizzie Smith, "a very dear young creature, and a black orphan," with no friend on earth but herself. And perhaps Mrs. Mannering might remember Lizzie's father, the Archdeacon of Domerton, for he was alive and not ten miles off when Mrs. Mannering was married.

"I remember him perfectly," said my mother; "he married late in life. He died poor. His wife used to grieve over wanting money to take her to Buxton. She was gouty. Dear me! I have not thought of them for an age, and now they reappear like old friends. You must win Lucy, dear Alfred. You really must. It is quite a providence." And so it grew to be a suddenly settled idea in the house that I was to marry Lucy. But it made me uncomfortable nevertheless.

Mrs. Smith's having so quickly acted on Mellicent's suggestion really vexed me very seriously. I thought that my will to marry ought to have been somehow ascertained. I said that Mellicent had made an imprudent revelation, and that when Lucy had read the letter declaring that she ought to "belong to us," she should have stayed for me to come to *her*, and not allowed her aunt to start off and bring her to *me*. "It is," I said, "like taking *my* will *for* granted. It is an attempt to pledge me to consent." To offer a visit under the circumstances was most offensive, and contrary to my feelings of propriety. But my mother would listen to nothing against her newly-adopted Mrs. Marmaduke Smith.

"What she has done makes it easier every way. Her decision must be final at last."

"Happily, *I* must speak first," I said,

with vexation. "I suppose *her* offers will cease with this questionable beginning."

"My dear, I thought you wished for a wife." My mother affected a bland astonishment at my irritability. "I want to choose for myself. Why not? My mother would not see cause for vexation. "Well, well, never mind," she said, hastily; "she may refuse you." "If she were really in love with Charlie Moore, she ought," I said. My mother looked grave when I said this. "If you are in earnest in thinking *that*, do not ask her."

"You see," I said, "there really is a good deal that is unpleasant in it. If I ask her I shall expect her to say *yes;* if I do not ask her I shall be wasting my time: if she says *yes*, I shall not know what to think of her; if she says *no*, I shall have made a fool of myself."

My mother looked very grave. "You know this Charlie Moore?"

"Yes; he is one of the most attractive men in creation."

"Well," she said, "you are not obliged to do anything. Stay here a day or two, and then, if you are determined on not asking her, go away for a short time; there are more women in the world than Lucy Lorimer."

It is indescribable how I vexed myself over my difficult circumstances. It grew to be positive suffering sometimes; the period of this preliminary torture did not last long, but while it stayed, I had no rest night nor day. I acted the most impossible scenes in my dreams, and I dreamt through all the ordinary actions of the day till I was of no use to anybody, and a worse annoyance to myself.

The day of Mrs. Smith's arrival came. She had certainly taken care that it should be the earliest day possible.

They were to come by the Irish steam-vessel; three ladies and a woman servant. Conscience makes cowards of us all—I refused to meet them on landing, but absented myself on purpose at the house of an old friend. It was the end of the harvest time. The country about us was in the highest state of cultivation, and the drive of a few miles between our house and the busy seaport near us was through exquisite and very varied scenery. My mother went in an open carriage to welcome her friends, who were due with the tide in the river at a certain hour.

I kept up appearances by going the previous day to my friend Jerrard, and I appointed to return shortly after the hour of our guests' arrival. So on that day in the afternoon, having come straight home, I left my dog-cart at the stable, and walked into the house and into the drawing-room. And there, sitting alone, on a sofa near a bay-window was a very young-looking personage—indeed she scarcely looked more than eighteen—as fair as the morning, with Aurora's golden hair, too, and a most lovely face. This was more than I expected. She looked at me. I said "Miss Lorimer, I suppose?" "And why not Miss Smith?" she said, very softly, and with a drollery that suddenly fascinated me. "Well, Miss Smith," I said. "No. But the first guess was right. I am Lucy Lorimer. And I would get up, but the book is so large." She had a great treatise on illuminating in her lap. "How d'ye do, Captain Mannering?" I could not help smiling; there was a pretty sort of sweet, gentle audacity about this little creature that overwhelmed me. "I am very well," I said. "I am sorry I was not at home to receive you." "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Mannering came to fetch us—so kind—this place is hers, isn't it?" "Yes. And I am not the eldest son." "No. He married my cousin, Mellicent Mangin. She had money."

I gave a sudden groan of surprise. I could not help it. There we were in the midst of money, matrimony, pedigree, present possessions and future possibilities. What kind of an angel is this? I questioned of my inner consciousness. And as I thus thought of the matter—there she sat, utterly at rest, the mistress of the situation, speaking in a low, sweet, silvery voice, and looking straight at me with a face of bewildering beauty.

Said I, "I think—a-hem—I think I must go and find my mother." "Ta-ta" said the beauty, sending a smile after me that almost took my breath away; "ta-ta, I am going to love your mother very much."

I was safe outside the door. I felt as if I had escaped some peril. I was as nothing in her hands. She would marry me if she chose; I knew she would. Yes; marry me, rule me, and keep me enslaved to my life's end. "The fact is, I shall sell out," I said, as I walked off to my mother's room.

My mother gave one glance at my scared face and burst out laughing. "You have seen her," she said. "Yes." "Well?" "I feel perfectly stunned; she is the handsomest creature I ever saw." "Oh yes; quite," interrupted my mother. "And such a cool hand," I said. "Perfectly artless." "Oh, that's it! I never saw any one perfectly artless before." I intended this to be ironical, but my mother answered unaffectedly and sincerely, "Nor did I, I think. I am charmed with Lucy; and—but oh, my dear boy, Mellicent must have said something very positive. Mrs. Marmaduke quite intends the marriage—is longing to see you, and expects you to propose directly."

"Now, mother," I said very seriously, "if I am to get out of this safe, I had better run away: get off through the night, you know." Once more my mother laughed merrily. "But why go at all?" she said; "why not marry her?" "It's awful to be run down like this—what's that?"

It was a knock at the door. I opened it. And there stood a speaking wonder. She walked in. "I'll introduce meeself. I'm Mrs. Marmaduke Smeeth."

That was what she said, as well as I can tell you; but she contrived to impress me with a sense of hopeless captivity as she announced her name. To come, to see, to conquer was evidently her custom. She had had, I felt, no other experience of life, and how was I to teach her "the differ?" She was very short, very fat, very pretty elderly woman, in a black wig, made with long hair, and worn with a net. I literally staggered under this new shock. She held me by the hand, and looked up at me with eyes drilled to express a most winning tenderness; she told me she wished me every blessing; and then—"Good luck t'ye, ye darling!" In spite of her accent, and the effrontery of her smile, there was a fascination about her that silenced me. I knew that all argument would be as nought with her; I felt that the whole strength of my character was simply disregarded if not defied.

As I bowed in dumb wonder, she said, "You will do exactly; you will indeed. I admired your brother so. And when Mellicent wrote me her wise little letter, I felt in my bones that it was just the very thing for every one of us all round. So I spoke to Lucy. 'Lucy, dear,' I said to her, 'here is a man who is not to be trifled with. He'll leave the service,' I said, 'if you ask him prettily. I'll promise anything in reason for him. But you'll not be asking anything greater than that.'" 'And I'd never have him leave the service,' said she. 'I'd be a soldier's wife and go to India any way for a year or two.' And so, Captain Mannering, your wooing is half done for you, and I congratulate you with all my heart; for a finer man, with a more trustworthy countenance, I never saw; and she has near five-and-forty thousand pounds well secured, and a sweeter girl never lived. We shall have good news to send out to Mellicent by the next mail, I hope. Time flies, but you need not be long about what's left for you to do: God bless you!"

I hope it will not be considered profane if I say that I distinctly remember the sensation that nothing less than somebody's annihilation could deliver me from the great difficulty in which I stood, and set me free. Whether my own or Mrs. Marmaduke's disappearance from this sublunary scene was before my mind, or whether in my despair I was able to make any individual distinctions I do not remember; but I hope I may never again feel my own life and its responsibilities suddenly shifting away from me, leaving me in weakness and woe, a stray atom, adopted and used by some other Mrs. Marmaduke Smith. Like some poor fly whose powers of voluntary motion have got crippled and caged in the meshes of a malignant spider, I struggled off, breaking away from my mother's room, but still with a sense of constraint and moral subjugation strong upon me. Should I ever be able to escape from the net-work of circumstances that had so suddenly enveloped me? The daring impertinence of Mrs. Marmaduke Smith, the weak folly of my mother, the superhuman ease of that pretty Lucy Lorimer, and the impudence of everybody? What a web they were spinning round me with their idiotic industry!

I got to my room confused and angry. I jeered myself—I addressed my unhappy individuality jokingly as the man who would marry an heiress, and who had suddenly discovered an heiress who intended to marry *him;* and then I bravely determined to regain my freedom at any price. But the very strength of my resolution seemed to show me the absurdity of my position, and I could not refrain from a wretched little laugh at my own expense.

Just then old Laurence, the servant who had been in the family before I was born, came into the room. He prided himself on being valet to "the young Captain," I knew. Now, his honest face wore a veil of got-up respect over the sparkles of some great enjoyment.

"Well, sir," he began, looking me over with a curious sort of satisfaction, "I think we shall do. You *have* been close, Captain, very close; but as it *is* all known in the servant's hall, I thought I would just, with a private word, wish you joy;" and absolutely the tears stood in the good creature's honest eyes.

"Laurence," I said, "who has been talking about me?"

"Mrs. Smithson, the maid; and all told so handsomely in Ireland before they came away. 'Pray for me,' she said—Miss Lucy, I mean; and money, and all sorts of good gifts were bestowed far and wide. They are greatly beloved, sir, I hear, and, says Miss Lucy, 'I shall be off with the Captain, who waits for me;' and 'Good luck to your honor?' was cried, with blessings and cheers, when they went away."

I felt the picturesqueness of the situation from the red-cloaked happy-peasantry point of view, and I also felt the increased difficulty that all this by-play brought upon me; but it only made me more determined to make no surrender.

If I cannot fight I can fly, thought I. So I contented myself with saying to Laurence rather mysteriously—"Remember that *I* have not told you anything about this," and then I went on to comfort myself with thoughts of that better part of valor called discretion. Anything would be better than a storm. No man could possibly enter into violent opposition against an army of women all screaming to do him a service, and eager to marry him to an heiress and a beauty, with a bewitching tongue and a portion of more than forty thousand pounds out at respectable interest. So if the worst came upon me, I could be off by moonlight with as much as my pockets could carry, and—like a runaway young lady—with a note left on my dressing-table to explain matters.

As I went down stairs to dinner I met the housekeeper, once the good nurse who had protected my childhood. "I *must* speak, my dear, I must!" she cried. "She is the beautifullest little creature that ever was made, and a very angel for goodness. And *you!* Well, she may search from Joppa to Japan—" I heard no more. I kissed my hand to the true-hearted old servant and rushed away out of her reach.

In the drawing-room I encountered my pretty Julia. "Oh, Alfred!" She held up her fair face to be kissed, and I performed the brotherly homage, saying, "Now, hold your tongue. I am neither married, nor going to be married."

"Oh, Alfred! you *are*." "Not this time." "Oh, nonsense; you don't know." "No. Indeed, I don't." Julia was so horror-struck that she turned white, and trembled. "Hush!" she said; and then my mother and Mrs. Marmaduke Smith walked in, and just behind them came Lucy.

She looked indescribably lovely; all clothed in glittering white up to her throat, but falling away from her well-rounded snowy arms in some sort of hanging-drapery fashion. A sparkling trinket hung from a black velvet round her neck; she had precious things round her wrists, and her delicate white fingers were perhaps rather loaded with rings. She walked forward and stood still by my side.

"Ah, I like to see you together," said Mrs. Marmaduke. Lucy bent her lovely little head, and blushed; but she stood her ground with a glance that claimed my indulgence, and then, with a droll smile, seemed to apologise for her aunt. What could I do? It was not in human nature to be in any degree offensive to this dazzling little beauty. She had dropped her gloves when her aunt spoke, and I thought it was to give me something to do, and prevent my answering. So I gave them back into her glittering fingers, and smiled in answer to *her* smile simply because I could do nothing else.

You perceive that I had been taken at a disadvantage from the first. I had been snapt up and allowed no moment for reflection. I had been pushed into deep water and given no time for resistance. And now

MISS LORIMER OR MISS SMITH?

"There she sat, utterly at rest, the mistress of the situation."

I had to scramble out, and I felt, till I grew hot under the excitement, that every moment lost was lost power. Every occasion when I might speak, and yet could not speak, would be called *consenting*. But still I was dumb. The boy-god, Cupid, whose pleasure it is that lovers should be blind, had played me a trick; he had surely shifted the bandage from the eyes to the lips. With all the desire to speak, I still was speechless. It was a race with Time. If I did not speak soon it would be of no use to speak at all. I had asked for an heiress, and there she was. If I neither cried out nor ran away I should be married off-hand, and settled in spite of myself.

It was a position the difficulty of which I can hardly over-describe.

"Well, I picked up Lucy's gloves, and Laurence announced dinner; then I stepped forward to conduct Mrs. Marmaduke Smith.

"No, no," said the lady; "go in together, me children. I bless the day! Now, Lucy, me love!" And the girl was on my arm, and being conducted past our admiring and consenting friends, before I was aware of anything beyond the one depressing fact that I was being sunk deeper and deeper into my difficulties.

Lucy sat by me. She accepted her position with a shy serenity that took all the courage out of me. Before dinner was half over a dozen things had been said that seemed to tie tighter the knots of the cords that bound me to the will of my tormentors. Lucy received everything that was said with a visible understanding of its meaning; every time an allusion was made she gave to it some consenting look or gesture; nothing was lost upon her, nor for the matter of that, on me either. What could I do? I determined to sit grim-looking and silent. But could any silence, save that of the deaf and dumb, be of more than two minutes' duration if Lucy had resolved otherwise? She said the drollest things with sweet smiles in silvery tones, and drove me half-distracted. A gentle insanity born of despair seemed to overpower me. I could not preserve my self-control, and then, suddenly, there was an unexpected apparition at my elbow—that of a woman with a damask-covered tray, and a voice proceeding from it said, "For Miss Lizzie, sir;" and there, positively, was the woman Smithson, Mrs. Marmaduke's maid, and the mistress herself in a loud, clear voice was saying, "Me dear captain, Lizzie, me niece, will trouble you for her dinner on the tray. As we are one family now, or going to be, you'll excuse the indecorum. She is in bed with the toothache, the darling."

And so, under Smithson's direction, to which I submitted with humiliation, I supplied Miss Lizzie with a sufficient repast, and in so doing I encountered the middle-aged spinster's scrutinizing eyes, and, being surprised out of all self-possession by her glance of congratulation, I burst out into such a fit of laughter as had to be stifled in my dinner-napkin. "Ah! yes, me dear," cried out Mrs. Marmaduke, "they may laugh who win. It's an old privilege, and we grant it you entirely." Even before the servants I was compromised. I felt my fate running away with me. But a violent pang of despair restored me to myself, and I groaned out, "What the end of this is to be I cannot imagine."

"I know the end," whispered Lucy, "and you will be good to me I am sure." Our eyes met. How tender and asking were hers! I remember them as I write. Then I was sure that she had suffered. I said, "You have not had a happy home?" She answered, "I look forward to another now." The statement contained in these words so confused me that I could not tell what to say to her again. I felt guiltily, that silence gave consent; guiltily, I looked indifferent, as if I had not heard; but from that moment I knew that a grand explanation must be come to, with all possible speed, or my difficulties would overwhelm me.

When the ladies left the dining-room Mrs. Marmaduke's look at me over her shoulder defies description. It was a look from a world of which I knew nothing. She was, as I have said, decidedly good-looking, a fat, fair little creature, with that utter absence of human respect in her face that made it quite amusing. Something in her countenance said that she had been managing men all her life; I should have made sure of that if I had not known the history of the three brothers Lorimer, and guessed at the experience of the late Mr. Smith; and that parting smile over her shoulder had informed me that this queer little personage was managing *me;* the unscrupulous freedom of that glance of triumph had revealed me to myself in my new character as hopelessly the slave of Mrs. Marmaduke's will, and the man whom she had marked down as Lucy Lorimer's husband.

I returned to the table to take a final glass of wine, and give a few minutes of quiet consideration to my circumstances. My first thoughts were that it would be a horrible trouble to free myself from Mrs. Marmaduke's toils, and I hated every description of domestic strife with a strength beyond calculation; and then Lucy was such a wonderful little creature. Why could I not take the goods the gods provided, and make no objections? If Lucy were willing to marry me why should not I marry her?"

This was one view of my state, and the view was sufficiently clear. Lucy was quite willing to marry me; they had come from Ireland with ready speed to see and secure me; they had not been six hours in the house, and the process of "nailing" me had gone on so fast that I had scarcely any power left to move in the matter. They wished it, but *why?* That word *why* presented a difficulty. A young creature, beautiful, clever, educated, and rich, had to be got rid of; and the means fixed upon were a marriage with me and a voyage to India. Was that the case? Or was it that she had been secretly engaged all this time to Charlie Moore and that he had jilted her? Was he too fast a fellow, and was she too sparkling, lovely, and rich? Two years had passed since they had parted, at least, and in less than another year she would be her own mistress. If he had not jilted her why could she not wait for the man whom she had loved so well? After much thought I could only believe that this was the solution of the difficulty. She had made some silly resolution to marry the next man who might offer himself, and Charlie had certainly married a rich banker's widow, about whom we it would not do. I had not heard from my had cruelly joked him till we had found that friends in India very lately, owing to my having obtained my extension of leave at almost the last moment. They were, in fact, only just informed that I was not sailing by the "Eastern Star," as I had announced my intention of doing. "Ah," I meditated, on arranging all these possibilities, "I shall wait for my next letters from India. I think I might marry her in six months' time, and then I shall probably sell out." So I took another glass of wine with rather a sublime determination to do pretty much as I pleased. Then I felt a decided desire to see that lovely face again, so I proceeded to the drawing-room. Little Lucy, poor little pet beauty! Jilted by Charlie, and quite at my service now! I thought I should take her, I really did. I felt very condescending; and with my last view of affairs possessing my mind like positive truth, I strolled into her presence.

Julia was pouring out tea, and Lucy was sitting by her engaged in the formation of some wonderful lace-like work, by means of a complication of manœuvres in which hands and fingers appeared to be engaged bringing order out of chaos.

"How did you ever learn it?" I said, "and, when once learnt, how did you ever remember it?"

"Ah!" she said, "women were ever clever at such intricacies; spinning and weaving are their natural employments; pins and shuttles are the tools that belong to their sex; scissors, too—the Fates were women, you know."

"They are *our* fates still," I said with a smile. "And each other's," said Lucy, with a visible shudder running through her frame. I thought of the banker's widow, who had, no doubt, robbed her of Charlie Moore; I thought of my own position. "And do you never take your own fate into your own hands?" I asked. She looked straight into my face for one instant. "I think that I am doing so now," she answered.

"Take care that you don't repent," I said, stooping low and speaking very gravely.

"I take my fate into my own hands," she said, keeping her eyes down on her work, but speaking very distinctly, "in order to give it away. I have been driven upon my destiny." Then she looked at me again. "But I can say to-night that I am glad of it." There was something very like tears in her eyes when she said this so bravely.

I said, "Is it so very good a thing to place your fate in another person's power?" She answered, "It *is* pleasant; it is more, it is grand; and it makes me great in my own eyes to give my fate into the hands of a true-hearted gentleman."

Her words were so spoken that they seemed to knock straight at my heart. I felt captivated by her sincerity, and if we had been alone I should have had the whole question out with her in five minutes! but Mrs. Marmaduke had been calling upon her to sing, and she now rose in obedience to that command and walked, with a gentle grace about her movements, to the pianoforte. It was really a pleasure to look at her, she was so extraordinarily beautiful. I followed her with my eyes, quite fascinated in spite of myself. She played a few passages with a power that told me at once she was a musician, and she began to sing, not the usual love-song that I had expected, but a piece of Irish comedy, with such skill and such intense humor, as to subject Mrs. Marmaduke Smith to a succession of fits of uproarious delight. I could scarcely credit the fact I witnessed. The whole performance was so perfect in its cruel absurdity that to bear it without utter loss of character as the hero of the house was impossible; so I fled, jumping lightly from the low window to the green turf below, thoroughly overcome by the song and the singer, and reduced to the painful weakness of uncontrollable laughter in the ridiculous loneliness of a shrubbery close by.

In half an hour I ventured back. She was then singing a duet, which I knew very well, with Julia. I was in good practice as a singer myself in those days, and I heard with criticism, which ended in breathless amazement. I declare that I felt awe-struck. She had thrown a sort of religious sentiment into her singing; the words were not merely a lover's ravings, they seemed like a good man's solemn vows: and then I felt that Lucy's love would be a thing worth having, a thing that might become the priceless treasure of a wise man's life.

Again I left the room, this time quietly and by the door, intending to give myself half an hour's thought in my "smuggery," where I enjoyed a cigar sometimes. My thoughts made me no wiser, and I was getting back to my sleeping-room when I met Mrs. Marmaduke Smith. "I wanted a word with your mother," she said; "which is her room?" I showed Mrs. Marmaduke to my mother's door, and then she said to me, with visible emotion, "She just sings like one of St. Cecilia's own angels. There's a deal of feeling in that poor heart of hers. Oh, I misdoubt me as to my own conduct sometimes; but you will bring peace to us all." And then, as I rested with a puzzled mind on her words she—I don't know how it happened, I don't know how she managed it, the surprise was so excessive, but she kissed me. I had had a hug as tender as her fat little arms could give, and, I suppose it was as I stooped to open the door, she positively kissed me. The climax had been reached. Some sobbing words, such as "the seal of our contract, me adopted son!" and she had passed through the open door and left me in the passage, standing silly, vexed, astounded, ashamed. I do not know any more. I only remember that when I got to my own chamber I resolved to suffer no longer, to have a thorough understanding with Lucy the very next day; and I said that I would then leave the house. I would never see either of them again if I could help it. With the fact that had just been accomplished I thought my sufferings should end. I would not live through another six hours of such adoption; accepted, secured, smiled on, kissed; and though I had one or two laughs at the unexpected difficulties of my circumstances, I could not get over Mrs. Marmaduke's good-night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE JACAL.

The night was dark; the rain, driven by the wind, lashed furiously; the Rio Sabina, swollen by the storm, rolled along its yellow, muddy waters, which were filled with trunks of trees and fragments of every description, with a lugubrious murmur. The town and camp were plunged in gloomy silence, only interrupted at long intervals by the mournful cry "*Sentincla, alerta,*" with which the sentries on the ramparts and in the intrenchments called to each other. At times a vivid flash, immediately followed by a deafening peal of thunder, lit up the horizon with a fantastic and transient gleam; then all fell again into deeper silence and more complete obscurity.

In a miserable jacal, built in the centre of the camp, which every gust threatened to blow away, two men, seated in equipales, in front of a table covered with maps and plans, were conversing by the light of a smoking candle. The jacal was the head-quarters of the Mexican army, while the men were Padre Sandoval and Don Annibal de Saldibar. Outside, two sentries, wrapped up in their zarapes, were walking up and down in front of the door, cursing the wind and rain in a low voice, while several horses, saddled and fastened to pickets, were champing their feet and pawing up the ground impatiently.

"You see, my friend," Don Pelagio was saying at the moment we introduce the reader into the jacal, "everything favors us. Heaven is with us."

"Yes," the hacendero answered; "but, General Cardenas is an old soldier, accustomed to European warfare. I doubt whether he will let himself be caught in this trap."

"You are a perfect St. Thomas, my friend," Don Pelagio continued, "and doubt is your essence. The ruse I have invented is too simple for the general not to be caught in it. For the last two days my spies have prepared him by clever reports to fall into the trap we are setting for him; and, moreover, I count upon an omnipotent ally."

"An ally?" Don Annibal asked curiously. "Who is he?"

"The general's immense pride," the priest replied with a smile. "You cannot imagine how this haughty man suffers at being held at bay like a wild beast in its den by enemies whom he despises; be certain that he will eagerly seize the opportunity to chastise us."

"Hum!" the haciendero said, but slightly convinced.

"Come," the other continued gayly; "there you are again with your monstrous doubt. If pride fails us, my friend, we have ambition."

"What do you mean?"

"The general only came to America to regain his ruined fortunes and compromised reputation. The treaty signed between General Iturbide and the viceroy—a treaty which, between ourselves, will not be ratified by the cabinet of the Escurial—offers him a splendid chance. A battle would restore hope to the Spaniards; momentarily reestablish the affairs of Ferdinand VII.; will make the king regard General Cardenas as an indispensable man; will permit him to aspire to the highest dignities, and perhaps succeed O'Donoju. Do you now understand me?"

"Yes, yes. You have thoroughly studied human passions, and nothing escapes your infallible glance; but, perhaps, you have let yourself be carried too far."

"*Quien sabe?*" Don Pelagio said gently; then he suddenly changed the conversation. "You have received no news from Bario?"

"None; which leads me to hope that all is well; were it otherwise, Don Melchior or Sotavento would have come to warn me."

"You know, my friend, that I have several times remarked to you that you place too great confidence in that man."

"I have ever found him faithful and devoted."

"You think so; but take care. You know that I am rarely deceived in my appreciations. Now, I am convinced this man deceives, and is playing a long studied part."

"My dear friend, several persons have said to me what you are now stating. I have watched the man with the greatest care, and never has anything suspicious in his conduct justified the unjust doubts entertained about him."

"Heaven grant that he may always be so, my friend; and that you may not be aroused, at the moment when you least expect it, from your imprudent slumber by a thunderclap."

At the same instant a dazzling flash shot athwart the sky, and the thunder burst forth furiously. The two men, involuntarily struck by this strange coincidence, remained for a moment dumb and amazed, listening to the alarm cries of the sentries as they challenged each other in the darkness, and feeling their hearts contracted by an undefinable sadness.

"It is, perchance, a warning from heaven," Don Pelagio muttered in a low voice.

"Oh! I cannot believe it," the haciendero replied, as he passed his hand over his damp forehead.

The general rose.

"Come," he said, as he looked out, "that thunder-clap is the last effort of the tempest, and the sky seems growing clearer. We shall have a splendid day to-morrow."

"At what hour do you intend starting, general?" the haciendero asked him.

Don Pelagio looked at his watch.

"It is half-past ten," he said; "the camp will not be completely evacuated till midnight. We will set out at two o'clock, with the few men I have selected."

"In that case, with your permission, I will retire and sleep till the hour for departure."

"Do so, my friend; but mind and be here again at half-past one."

"That is settled, general."

The two gentlemen shook hands affectionately, and Don Annibal walked towards the door of the jacal. Just as he was going, the noise of several horses could be heard.

"*Qui en vive?*" the sentry challenged.

"*Mejico e independencia,*" a voice replied, which Don Annibal fancied he recognized.

"*Qui gente?*" the soldier continued.

"El Coronel Don Aurelio Gutierrez."

"Let him come in, let him come in," the general shouted.

"*Pasa Vd.: addante,*" the sentry said.

"Stay here," Don Pelagio said to the haciendero. "This unexpected visitor doubtless brings us valuable news."

The horseman dismounted; their heavy spurs could be heard clanking on the saturated ground, and five men entered the jacal. Four remained at the door, half hidden by the darkness, and the fifth alone walked up to the general. It was Don Aurelio.

"How comes it, colonel," the general asked him quickly, without leaving him time to speak, "that you are here, instead of remaining at the post I assigned you?"

Don Aurelio bowed respectfully to his chief.

"General," he replied, "I have strictly obeyed the orders you were pleased to give me. The division you placed under my command is at its post; but I thought it my duty myself to lead to you these four persons, who came to my main guard, and requested to be immediately brought into your presence."

"Ah!" the general continued, taking an inquiring glance at the strangers, whom the darkness prevented him from recognizing. "Who are they?"

"They will tell you themselves, general. Now that my task is accomplished, permit me to retire and return to my post."

"Go, senor. Perhaps it would have been better had you not left it."

The colonel made no reply, but bowed and went out. Almost immediately after he could be heard riding away at a gallop. There was a momentary silence, during which Don Pelagio carefully examined the four persons still standing motionless. At length he decided on addressing them.

"Come hither, senors," he said, "and be good enough to tell me who you are."

Only two advanced. When they reached the lighted portion of the jacal, they dropped the corner of the zarape which covered the lower part of their faces, and at the same moment doffed their vicuna hats, the broad brims of which fell over their eyes.

"The Canadian!" Don Annibal exclaimed, with a start of surprise.

"Count de Melgosa?" Don Pelagio said, no less astonished.

The new comers were really Oliver Clary and the count.

"It seems as if you did not expect us, general," the Canadian said, gayly.

"On my word I did not," Don Pelagio replied, as he held out his hand to both. "I did not expect either of you; but you are not the less welcome."

"Thanks," said the count.

"Why, I thought you were dead, Senor Clary," the priest continued.

"Well," the Canadian said, "it was touch and go. You simply sent me to a wild beast. But, no matter; I managed to get out of his clutches."

"All the better. But you must require rest. Who are the persons accompanying you?"

"One is a confidental peon of mine; the other a prisoner whom Senor Don Olivero took," the count answered.

"Yes, yes," said the hunter; "we will talk about that scamp presently."

"To what fortunate accident may I attribute your presence here, Senor Conde?"

"A wish to see you, caballero."

"Ah, ah!" the general said, with a piercing glance, "has grace fallen on you at last?—will you at length consent to join us? It would be a great pleasure to us, Senor Conde."

"You are nearer the truth than you suppose, Senor Padre," the count replied with a smile. "I am not on your side, as you pretend to suppose; but, on the other hand, I am no longer opposed to you; I have sent in my resignation, and, in one word, am neutral for the present."

"That is a bad position, Conde."

"Perhaps so, senor; but, for the present, I wish to keep it. Moreover, to be frank, I will confess that I have come more especially to see Don Annibal."

"Me?" the haciendero exclaimed, as he stepped forward.

"Yes, my friend; but before I explain to you the cause of my coming, allow Senor Don Olivero to report to your chief the way in which he carried out the mission confided to him."

"Very good," the haciendero answered, as he fell back a step.

"Come, speak, colonel," Father Sandoval said.

"Am I still a colonel?" the hunter asked.

"Hang it, as you are not dead, I see no reason why you should not be—especially as I am extremely pleased with your lieutenant, Moonshine, and your cuadrilla has done me eminent services."

"In that case, all is well," the hunter said, joyfully, as he snapped his fingers, and coquettishly twisted his light moustache.

After this outburst of joy, the hunter began his narrative, to which the general listened with the deepest attention. When he came to the carrying off the papers, Don Pelagio interrupted him.

"Have you those papers with you?" he asked, eagerly.

"Here they are," the hunter answered, as he drew them from the pocket into which he had stuffed them, and laid them on the table.

The general seized them, and going up to the candle, carefully perused them.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with a sudden outburst, "I was not mistaken; all is really as I foresaw; now I have him, and he will not escape me. Colonel, you performed your mission as a man of heart and intellect. I shall remember it at the first opportunity. Now go on," he added, as he carefully placed the papers in his bosom.

"Well," the hunter gayly remarked, "it seems that I made a better haul than I supposed."

"You could not be more lucky."

"All the better then. What you say to me, general, causes me the greater pleasure, because I shall probably have to ask a favor of you ere long."

"It is granted beforehand, if it depends on me."

"On you absolutely, general; moreover, it is a service I wish to render Don Annibal de Saldibar, your friend."

"Render me?" the haciendero exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, you, senor."

The count laid a finger on his lip, to recommend silence to Don Annibal. The latter, surprised at his friend's gesture, was silent, as if involuntarily; but he suffered from a secret anxiety caused by this mystery, an explanation of which he racked his brains in vain to find. The hunter continued his narrative.

"As I had the honor of telling you, general, we left the Hacienda del Rio in the morning. Our horses, fatigued by a long ride, only advanced with difficulty, and we were ourselves exhausted by the heat; moreover, it was already late, and the hour for the halt had arrived. At this moment I noticed a cave close by, and proposed to the count that we should rest in it, to which he assented. I entered this grotto, and after exploring it thoroughly, made my comrades a sign to join me. This cave, which was very large, formed several galleries. Forgive me, general, for entering into these details, which may appear to you prolix, but they are indispensable.

"Go on, colonel; I am listening with the most lively interest," the general answered, though in his heart he wished the Canadian at the deuce.

"We consequently established ourselves as best we could, with our horses, in one of the most retired galleries. My comrades and the Senor Conde himself yielded to sleep, and I confess that I was about to follow their example, when suddenly the sound of footsteps very near the spot where we were cachéed, made me prick up my ears, and drove away my sleep. I lay down on the ground, and crawled cautiously in the direction of the noise I had heard. I was not mistaken; we were no longer alone in the cavern; a man had entered it, and that man was an Indian. I recognized this fact by his dress, for he had his back turned to me. After placing on the ground a rather large bundle, this Indian looked cautiously around him. I held my breath for fear of being discovered, so greatly did this man puzzle me. At length, feeling convinced that he was quite alone, and no one could see him, he took all his clothes off, and darted out of the cavern like a startled deer. I could not comprehend it at all, and was not far from taking the man for a lunatic; but, when I saw him return, his paint had disappeared; he had merely plunged into the river to wash himself. When he was dry, he dressed himself again, but not in the same clothes, but in others he took out of the bundle he had laid on the ground when he came in. But then a singular thing occurred—my Indian of just now was metamorphosed into a Mexican!"

"What?" the general and the haciendero exclaimed in surprise, "a Mexican?"

"A Mexican," the hunter continued calmly; "and more extraordinary still, this Mexican I recognized so well that I could not restrain a cry of surprise. He heard me, and turned round with a start. Doubt was no longer possible. This Indian was Senor Don Annibal's mayor-domo."

"Sotavento!" the haciendero exclaimed.

"Ah, ah!" said the general, "go on, my friend. What did you do then?"

"On my word, general, seeing that I was discovered, I bounded upon him. I am free to confess that he did not seem at all anxious to be taken, for he offered a desperate resistance; but, thank goodness, I am tolerably strong, and in spite of all his efforts, I succeeded in mastering him, and brought him here, because his conduct appeared to me extremely suspicious, and the Senor Conde and myself wished to clear up certain suspicions which had occurred to us with reference to him. That is all I have to say to you, general."

The hunter ceased, apparently very pleased at having got so well through so long and difficult a narrative.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PRISONER.

When the hunter finished his narrative a gloomy silence prevailed for some minutes in the jacal. Outside the wind blew fiercely, and the rain fell in torrents. The smoky flame of the candle, flickering in the gusts, only spread an uncertain gleam over the pale faces of these men, who felt their hearts contracted by a sinister presentiment. The haciendero was the first to overcome the emotion he felt. With head erect, frowning brows, and features contracted by a supreme resolution, he walked rapidly up to the prisoner, and, pulling down roughly the zarape that covered the lower part of his face, he gazed at him for a moment with an expression of grief and passion impossible to render.

"It is true, then," he at length muttered, in a dull voice, "this man I believed so devoted to me is a traitor. I alone was blind when everybody around me accused him. Speak, villain, what have you done?"

"It is my place to answer that question," the count said, as he walked forward and laid his hand on Don Annibal's arm.

The haciendero looked at him in amazement.

"You, Senor Conde?" he said.

"Yes, I, Don Annibal. I, who have only come here to tell you a frightful secret, and am compelled to bring a terrible accusation against this man."

Don Annibal felt as if his heart would break.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "what are you going to tell me, great God?

Don Pelagio, who had hitherto leant his elbow on the table, and remained motionless and thoughtful, placed himself between the two gentlemen, and looked at them, in turn, with an expression of sorrowful compassion.

"Stay," he said, in a loud voice. "In the name of heaven—in the name of our country—I command it! However terrible the revelation you have to make, Senor Conde, may be; however great your impatience, Don Annibal, to know the full extent of your misfortunes, this is neither the place nor the hour for such an explanation; honor bids you both defer it for some hours. We must start immediately, for the hour has arrived. If we delayed for a few moments the fruit of all our labor and efforts would be lost. What do you apprehend? This man is in your power, and will not escape. You will soon be able to inflict on him the punishment which he doubtless deserves."

"Oh!" the haciendero exclaimed sorrowfully, "suppose this villain escaped our vengeance, my friend; I feel a foreboding of some frightful misfortune."

The count and the hunter looked down sadly. Father Sandoval gently laid his hand on the shoulder of the haciendero, who had fallen into an equipal, and buried his face in his hands.

"Courage, friend," he said to him, softly. "God is watching. His justice never sleeps. Remember the precept written on the heart of every man of honor, 'Do your duty, no matter what may happen.'"

The haciendero replied with a choking sob.

"You no longer belong to yourself," the priest continued, more warmly; "your head and your arm are claimed by your country. Be a man, however great the sorrow that awaits you; draw yourself up, and become strong for the coming contest. Every man in the world has his cup which he drains to the dregs. Go, my friend, go where duty calls you; to-morrow you can think of yourself, but to-day belongs to your country."

The haciendero, overpowered by this manly appeal, rose mechanically, pulled his hat over his eyes, and went off without uttering a word. The priest looked after him, tenderly.

"Oh!" he muttered, "how that man of iron must suffer to be thus crushed."

Then he turned to the count.

"Senor Conde," he added, laughingly, "you are my prisoner for four-and-twenty hours."

"I shall not leave you till the business for which I have come is ended," the count replied with a polite bow.

"Hilloh, my worthy lad," the priest continued, addressing Diego Lopez, who throughout the interview had remained motionless in his corner, with his eyes constantly fixed on the prisoner, "my provost marshal will save you the trouble of guarding that man."

"That will be a great relief for me, excellency."

"Good. Go and tell him to come here immediately. The prisoner is securely bound, I presume?"

"Senor Clary himself made the knot, excellency."

"In that case, my mind is at rest. Go."

"The more so, because I undertake to watch the villain in the meanwhile," Oliver said, as he cocked a pistol.

"Good," Diego Lopez remarked, and went out.

"Are your horses fit for a long ride, caballeros?"

"Well, hardly," the Canadian answered.

"Very well; you will choose among mine, Colonel Clary, your regiment, which you will find complete, is on escort to-night."

"Are we going away?" the count asked.

"This very instant."

The Mexican general clapped his hands, and an officer came in.

"Order your men to mount noiselessly, captain. Are the horses shod with felt, as I ordered?"

"Yes, excellency."

"Good; we shall start in ten minutes. You can go."

"Are we bound on an expedition?" the Canadian asked.

"Yes," the general replied, laconically.

"Carai!" the hunter exclaimed, as he rubbed his hands merrily, "that is what I call being in luck's way, arriving just in time for an expedition."

"Which will probably be serious," the general resumed.

"All the better; there will be something to gain in that case."

At this moment the provost-marshal appeared at the door of the jacal, accompanied by a dozen soldiers.

"Caballero," the general said to him, "I confide this prisoner to you, for whom I hold you responsible. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, general," the provost answered respectfully. "Come, my men, seize the fellow."

The mayor-domo was led away by the soldiers. During the whole time the Indian had remained in the jacal, he had been cold and stoical, as if what was going on around him did not affect him in the least. As he went out he gave a sarcastic glance at the company and smiled contemptuously.

"I must watch that villain," the hunter said to himself, "he is surely meditating some Indian devilry."

A noise of men and horses, followed by the clang of arms, informed the general that his orders had been carried out.

"Let us be off, senores," he said.

They left the jacal. When the general and his escort had mounted, Father Sandoval placed himself at the head of the column.

"Forward, caballeros," he said, in a loud, firm voice, "and may heaven be gracious to us!"

The horsemen started at a gallop, passing silently and rapidly through the darkness, like the wild horseman in the German ballad. While they were crossing the camp, one thing greatly surprised the hunter, though he did not dare ask for an explanation. On all sides burnt bivouac fires, sending myriads of sparks up into the air, but he could not notice a single sentry. The most perfect silence reigned; men, horses, guns and baggage had become invisible; the camp was or seemed to be entirely deserted. The entrenchments were abandoned; no sentry shouted. "Who goes there?" no vidette arrested the detachment. In a word, the entire Mexican army seemed to have faded away in smoke.

The escort left the camp, and then the pace, already rapid, increased in velocity. They proceeded toward the mountains, which rose gloomy and frowning on the horizon in the first gleams of daylight. A little in the rear of the regiment of lancers, of which it formed as it were a second rear-guard, came a detachment of fifty soldiers. They were the provost-marshal's guard. In the midst of them was the mayor-domo, fastened with a strap upon a horse behind its rider. Sotavento, or the Stag, whichever the reader likes to call him, appeared to have lost none of his assurance or courage; his face was calm, and his eyes alone flashed at intervals, like those of a wild beast. On his right and left two troopers, carbine on thigh, carefully watched him.

They galloped on thus for nearly three hours; the sky grew less gloomy, and the outlines of the hills began to stand out upon the horizon. The detachment halted for a short time, on reaching one of those countless streams which intersect the desert, and which it was necessary to ford. On the other bank could be seen the last squadrons of lancers, entering at a gallop a canon whose scarped and almost perpendicular sides were only covered with a stunted and sparse vegetation. With his hands fastened down on his chest, and his body attached by a strap, it seemed an impossibility for Sotavento to escape; hence his guardians who, as we said, did not let him out of sight, considered it unnecessary to tie his legs under the horse's belly.

The mayor-domo, however, far from yielding to a despair unworthy of him, seriously thought of escaping, and coolly calculated in his mind all the chances of success left him. We must confess that they were very small. Still, the Indian was determined to fly at all risks; he knew very well that the grave suspicions would soon be converted into a certainty, and that when this certainty was once acquired, his death would immediately ensue. Death did not terrify the Indian; he had seen it too often and under too many shapes to fear it; but, if he died, what would become of his vengeance, which he had followed up for so many years with feline patience, and which he was now on the point of seeing satiated?

Hence, ever since the moment he was led into the jacal, all his thoughts were directed to one object—flight. Crouched up like a tiger on the watch, his eyes incessantly sounded the darkness, seeking the opportunity which did not offer itself, and which he did not mean to lose when it presented itself. This long expected opportunity he believed had at length arrived, and he made all his preparations to take advantage of it.

Although night was passing away and the first gleams of dawn were already beginning to spread across the horizon large pearly bands, which gradually assumed all the colors of the rainbow, the darkness was still so great that it was difficult to make objects out distinctly, even at a short distance. During the whole of the journey Sotavento had remained gloomy and silent, with his head hanging over his chest, and careful not to give the soldiers who watched him the slightest pretext to redouble their vigilance; but for all that he was not idle, and his pretended immobility had an incessant and obstinate labor. The Indian was quietly nibbling with his teeth, which were as sharp as those of a wild beast, the leathern straps which bound his hands. When the detachment reached the river bank the thongs were bitten through, although his hands were still secured.

The provost, after sending a trooper to examine the ford, went across with one half of his men. Excepting at the spot where the soldiers traversed the stream, the banks were scarped and abrupt, and consisted of rocks piled irregularly on each other, and rising to a considerable height above the water. The order was given to bring the prisoner across, and the soldier, behind whom he was fastened, trotted up to the river bank. The ford was too narrow for three riders to pass abreast, and hence only one of the guards accompanied the prisoner. The latter prepared for action. He understood that, if he did not profit by the opportunity chance now afforded him, he would not find another.

The horses entered the river, and were soon up to their girths in water. The soldier behind whom Sotavento was fastened, had quite enough to do in keeping his horse in the line of the ford, and, at the same time, raising his weapons, so that they should not be wetted; hence he paid but slight attention to his prisoner. All at once, at the moment he reached the middle of the stream, the soldier received a terrible shock, and was unsaddled and hurled into the river before he had time even to utter a cry. Sotavento had boldly leapt into the water, dragging the trooper after him. A terrible struggle went on for a few seconds between the two men; but the soldier, feeling himself lost, and clinging eagerly to life, undid the strap that attached him to the prisoner, and rose to the surface in order to breathe.

"Look out, look out," the other trooper exclaimed as he halted; "the prisoner is escaping."

This shout produced disorder among the party, who at once galloped in all directions with their eyes fixed on the stream in the hope of pursuing the prisoner. But then a terrible thing occurred. The soldier who had been the first to give the alarm, felt himself suddenly dragged off his horse into the water, struggling vainly in the furious clutch of the mayor-domo, who had seized him by the throat and was pitilessly strangling him. With the rapidity of a wild beast, the Indian seized the knife which the soldier wore in his boot, brandished it over his enemy's head and scalped him; then, casting the dying man from him, he bestrode his horse, waved the scalp with a triumphant cry, and making the animal quit the ford, in which the couple had struggled up to their waist in water, he went down the current amid a shower of bullets which dashed up the spray all around him.

The horse, held by a firm hand, swam vigorously down with the current, still keeping to the centre of the stream. On both banks horsemen were galloping, shouting to each other, and trying in vain to approach the river, which was defended by impassable masses of rock. Still, if the scarped banks offered an obstacle to his pursuers, they equally prevented the mayor-domo from reaching land. His horse was beginning to pant, its strength was nearly exhausted, and it swam feebly. The Indian looked round him anxiously, caring little for the soldiers, but seeing with terror that the farther he went the more difficult it became to land on either side.

In spite of the provost's repeated orders, the soldiers, despairing to catch up to the fugitive, and perceiving the futility of their efforts, gave up the pursuit. The Indian was consequently alone; still, in spite of the certainty of having thrown out his foes, he feared that he had but changed his manner of death. At the moment when his horse was beginning to sink and beat the water with its forelegs, the chief uttered a shout of joy. In the very centre of the river was an islet easy of approach, and not more than sixty yards from him.

The Indian did not hesitate; removing his horse's bit, which was troublesome to it, he dived and swam vigorously toward the islet. The animal, freed from its rider's weight, seemed to regain its old strength, and, impelled by instinct, also proceeded in the same direction. A quarter of an hour after, man and horse walked together up the sandy bank of the island. They were saved! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

(Established 1861.)

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SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1869.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY,						1	2
1st Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
FEBRUARY,		1	2	3	4	5	6
2d Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28						
MARCH,		1	2	3	4	5	6
3d Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
APRIL,					1	2	3
4th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY,							1
5th Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
JUNE,			1	2	3	4	5
6th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
JULY,					1	2	3
7th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
AUGUST,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
SEPTEMBER,				1	2	3	4
9th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
OCTOBER,						1	2
10th Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
NOVEMBER,		1	2	3	4	5	6
11th Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
DECEMBER,				1	2	3	4
12th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	

A Singular Cookery Book.

A cookery book, the property of the last chief of the King of the Cannibal Islands, it is said, has lately come to light. It is a work of great research, and eminently practical. The first recipe struck us as cynically written, but yet showing degrees of scientific thought hardly to be expected from a cannibal. It is entitled The English Sailor a la Maitre d'Hotel. It begins thus:—"Take a shipwrecked *sailor*, not under three-and-forty, flour him and pepper him. Open him down the back, first carefully removing his head, then baste him—"

But here unfortunately the rest of the page is missing, and the rest of the book, being in the New Zealand ancient Golly-Golly character, has not yet been satisfactorily translated by Dreikopf, who hopes, however, in the course of a year or two, to give the world further secrets of cannibal cooking. He has, however, found out that the natives prefer the soles of the feet and the fleshier part of the legs and backs of young subjects, not by any means preferring the male. Tarry old boatswains are generally boiled down for soup. Captains, if under sixty, are treated with bread-crumbs, plum-sauce, and lemon-juice. Ship-boys are much relished scolloped, and a baby a la Metternich is said to require only legality to carry its fame to both the North and South Poles.

Dreikopf, in the course of these researches, discovered in some old book of travels in Sumatra, long before the time of Sir Stamford Raffles, a curious custom obtaining among a cannibal tribe there. The tribe in question never let a man live beyond seventy-two without eating him. The way they do it is this: the relatives of the old gentleman invite a large dinner party, chiefly of relations, for a certain day and hour, generally selecting some central spot in a spice-wood forest—a pleasant, shady, cosy spot, such as we English people would choose for a pic-nic. They all muster there at the appointed time, every man carrying a carved war-club, and a bag full of pepper, salt, and lemons. They then, after the usual bows, greetings, and introductions, give the old gentleman (who, dressed lightly for the purpose, treats the whole matter as a peculiar mark of respect, thanks every one all round, and drinks their health in palm toddy) a fair start, and run him up and down till he is rather warm and tolerably tender. In half an hour or so (even if the old gentleman has practised as an attorney) he is sure to be "treed" by the younger and more hungry men. A whoop is then given, and the whole party collect, and sit round the place in ring—every man, with his leaf of salt, pepper, and lemon by his side, his knife and fork in his hand, and the leaf of a tallypot palm for a table-cloth spread over his knees. Every one then shouts at the same moment. "Dinner time has come. Good-night, Mr. ——." The chief mourner runs up the tree, shakes hands with the old party, and drops him down. He is instantly clubbed and eaten, with "sauce piquant," or "sauce a la bonne femme." Such is the remarkable custom of this very interesting people.

Horrible as cannibalism is, we cannot philosophically, Dreikopf says, regard it as proving devil-worship or utter degradation. It has only arisen from a craving for animal food in islands like New Zealand, far from the main land, where the few indigenous animals had been eaten out. When the pig and horse were first introduced into New Zealand, we believe there was not a single quadruped existing in the island but some sort of small cat. By eating only enemies taken in battle and slain in hot blood, the New Zealand philosopher probably first reconciled the matter to his conscience, and conquered the natural repugnance of man to such food, which is, however, said by the natives to almost exactly resemble pork, and is therefore generally known to them by the agreeable metonym of "Long Pig."

☞ A young lady who saw a steam fire-engine in Boston on Saturday for the first time, innocently inquired why they boiled the water before they threw it on the fire.

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Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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Done at the city of Washington, the 25th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1868, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 93rd. By the President. ANDREW JOHNSON.

F. W. SEWARD,
Acting Secretary of State.

☞ Coal or gas tar applied about a corn crib, it is said, will keep the grain from devastation by rats.

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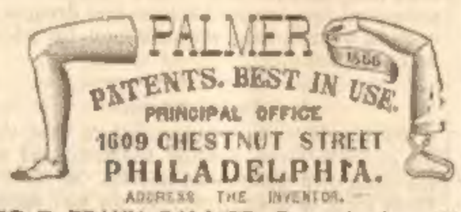
☞ AGENTS WANTED.



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The smallest article on our check can be exchanged for a White Bed Quilt, or a revolving Silver-plated Table Castor.

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THE LADIES

are specially invited to send us a trial club.

To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

Club of 30—21 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 60—42 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 100—65 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting,

and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

Send for our new Circular and Mammoth Exchange List before sending your club to any other house.

Our club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each. 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Male and female agents wanted. **Send money in Registered Letters.** Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B. Our sale should NOT be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

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We have on hand over a million dollars' worth of goods. The largest and most valuable stock of Linens, Woolens, Cottons, Flannels, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c., of ANY DOLLAR SALE HOUSE IN AMERICA. We import our own goods, and can sell in large or small quantities at importers' prices. *This never has been done before*, and is causing a complete panic among wholesalers and retailers, wherever our goods are sent. *If you wish to buy goods cheap, Now is the time!* WE ARE BOUND TO SELL! Everything sold at the uniform rate of **One Dollar Each.** Those getting up clubs for other firms will do well to stop where they are, and *send for our Circular.* Our inducements are double those of any other concern.

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Circulars free to any address. Send all money by registered letter or money order. Address

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HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU gives health and vigor to the frame, and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity or epileptic fits ensue.

FOR NON-RETENTION OR INCONTINENCE of Urine, irritation, inflammation or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or brick-dust deposits, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys and dropsical swellings.
USE HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

ENFEEBLED AND DELICATE CONSTITUTIONS, of both sexes, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.

TAKE NO MORE UNPLEASANT AND unsafe remedies for unpleasant and dangerous diseases. Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

THE GLORY OF MAN IS STRENGTH.—Therefore the nervous and debilitated should immediately use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

MANHOOD AND YOUTHFUL VIGOR are regained by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

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HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH cures delicate disorders in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in its action, and free from all injurious properties.

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Is a certain cure for diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE OR FEMALE, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the HEALTH AND HAPPINESS and that of Posterity depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

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Price, $1.25 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Peculiarities of Vision.

Squire Jovial once had an important case in a country court, and the decision depended entirely on the way the jury would regard the testimony of one lady. He lost the case, because the fair witness swore positively to an occurrence which she witnessed at the distance of several rods, although there were several persons who stood much nearer than she, that saw nothing whatever of it. The old Squire looked rather blue when the jury brought in their verdict, but revenged himself by rising and telling the court a story of "a lady he once knew" who was very near-sighted, but always declared her eye-sight to be excellent. Accordingly, one day, a neighbor stuck a darning-needle in the side of a barn, and placing her on the opposite side of the road, asked her if she could see it. "Oh, yes," replied the old lady, "I can see the needle easy; but *whar's the barn?*"

Somewhat similar was the case of Deacon Longbow, a member of the Orthodox Church in the town of A——. The Deacon was, in the main, a good-hearted man; but his fancy was very vivid, more so, indeed, than the ordinary duties of his deaconhood required, and, in spite of all his endeavors, his imagination *would* sometimes soar above and beyond the strict bounds of veracity. At length, when he had several times transgressed the road of fact, and employed figurative language to excess, he was arranged before the Church. The specific charge was that he had told brother L—— that he had seen a walnut sixteen inches in circumference, which was really only six, and a hog thirteen feet long—a manifest absurdity. The Deacon put in as his defence that he *thought* the walnut was sixteen inches in circumference, and that the hog was thirteen feet long—but if it was a mistake, it was *only an error in judgment*, and not a crime for which he was amenable to the Church.

A Shilling's Worth.

A fellow who came by the railroad, being a stranger, strolled about for some time on the outskirts of a town in search of a barber. He finally discovered one, and requested the operator to take off a shilling's worth of hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, soaped up the remainder very handsomely, and then combed and brushed him up till his head looked as if it belonged to some other person than himself. "Are you done?" asked the stranger, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck. "Yes, sir," said the barber, with a low bow. "Are you certain that you took off a shilling's worth?" "Yes, sir; there's a glass; you can look for yourself." "Well," said the stranger, "if you think you have taken a shilling's worth off, I don't know as I have got any change, so you may just take the hair for your trouble." On hearing this, the barber made a jump for the man, whereupon the man made a jump for the door, which not being bolted, he bolted himself.

A CUTTING RETORT.—A gentleman walking near Oxford was met by some students of the university, one of whom addressed him with—

"Good-morning, father Abraham."

"I am not father Abraham."

"Good-morning, father Isaac," said a second.

"I am not father Isaac," was the reply.

"Good-morning, father Jacob," said a third.

"I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's *asses*, and lo! I have found them."

RIDICULOUS IN FIVE ACTS.—About the year 1804, Mr. I., a young Philadelphian, who was admitted to the bar in the following year, wrote a tragedy founded upon early English history, which was performed without much success. Shortly afterward he was at an evening party, when a young man of his acquaintance did something which Mr. I. considered absurd; so that he said to him, "That act of yours has made you perfectly ridiculous." "Excuse me, Mr. I., answered he; "it takes five acts to make a man perfectly ridiculous."

HEN PHILOSOPHY.—"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class, "now, then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs and no more, and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now what is to be done with her after that?"

"Cut off her head and sell her to a boarding-house keeper for a *spring chicken*," exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

DIDN'T KNOW THE TRICK.—An Italian innkeeper confessed to a priest, who asked him if he never greased the teeth of his guest's horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. The next time he confessed that he had committed the act several times. "Why," said the priest, "you told me last time that you had never done it." "Holy father," replied the innkeeper, "I did not know the trick then."

THE YOUNGEST.—An Irishwoman, applying for relief, the other day, was questioned as to her family by the lady to whom she applied—

"How many children have you?"

"Six."

"How old is your youngest?"

"*Me youngest is dead, and Pee had another since.*"

Mental Activity.

If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle. If the air be fanned by the winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid. If metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust. If the earth is labored with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with bushes and thistles, and the better the soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce. All nature is upheld in its being, order, and shape by constant agitation; every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed use. In like manner, the preservation and improvement of the faculties depend on their constant exercise; to it God has annexed the best and most desirable reward—success to our undertakings, wealth, honor, wisdom, virtue, salvation.—*Barrow.*

☞ A newly married couple stopped at a hotel in Ohio, and on retiring blew out the gas. Both were suffocated.

THOSE TERRIBLE BOYS.

REVEREND DOCTOR.—"Is your papa in, my little man? No! Well, tell him I called—you know me—Blimber, Dr. Blimber!"

FRANK BOY.—"Oh, ah! I know: you're the gentleman that pa says is such a stick in the pulpit!"

Old New Fashions.

In almost every age of the world's history, it has been a perplexing problem to decide how much a belle of the period owed to nature, and how much to art. Apparently we are as far removed from a satisfactory solution of the question as were our ancestors. The mystery that now-a-days attaches to every portion of the female figure, where bold swelling curves are desirable, is positively paralyzing in its perplexity. Panniers, bands, chignons, pads, and the thousand and one contrivances by which Broadway beauties are made up, render woman, in these latter times, the most curiously interesting animal in creation. Every successive daring innovation is received with tumultuous hisses by amazed bachelordom, joined in chorus to the shrill cackling of what are known as strong-minded females; but the goddess having set up her image and fulminated her decree, the simpering dears strut along heedless and rejoicing. Similarly fared our forefathers; and the sober matron, who clasps her hands and wonders what the world is coming to, as she beholds a precocious Miss on high heels tottering along the street under a bend called Grecian, may rest assured that horrible as these freaks of folly may seem, matters were quite as bad, if not worse, a century ago. The monstrous farthingale and the ruff of Queen Bess have become historical landmarks, and have never been fairly equalled in volume by any modern combination of hoops and skirts. With respect to other articles of a modern belle's attire we propose to show from quaint old observers that in almost every particular our great, great, great-grandmothers, in the matter of aggravated extravagance, were decidedly ahead of us.

Take the last perplexing contortion—the Grecian bend—for example; and we find from various stinging allusions of satirists and caricaturists of the period, that it raged in all its ungainly deformity in 1753; and that women then reduced themselves as nearly to the shape of the monkey as possible. Writing of fashions in France, the Countess of Wilton delicately says: "It excites entertainment to know that *inventions for increasing the size of the female figure behind* were common under the last princes of Valois." While in England, at the same period, the dresses of the *ton* are described as

"Bouncing behind—with flounces in rows,
Puff, and pucker up knots on your arms and your toes."

It seems curious that the artificial posterior hump should have rendered enormously high-heeled boots as now an essential portion of dress. But so it seems, as the following extract from a versifier in the Salisbury Journal, 1754, will show:

"Mount on French heels when you go to a ball,
'Tis the fashion to totter, and show you can Fall."

Another observant chronicler of the same period gives some additional particulars. He says, "they wear their shoes high, both painted and patched; while still another rhymer almost accurately describes the pedestrian attempts of modern ladies of fashion in the lines,

"Tottering like the fair Chinese,—
Mounted high and buckled low,
Tottering every step they go."

A clever satire in the London Magazine three years later, 1777, indicates that some modifications had been effected in the fashions, and then in fact they were more preposterously absurd than in 1753.—*Albion.*

Dreams and Delirium.

The observant physician occasionally remarks with surprise during delirium an individual, whose correctness of conduct and conversation leave nothing to be desired, will give utterance to words and sentiments which fill the bystander with horror, and that he will sometimes commit actions wholly repugnant to propriety. Scenes like this often induce those who are privy to them to imagine that many an exemplary saint is but a sinner with a flimsy disguise—a sort of whited sepulchre full of all abominations—yet the surmise is wholly incorrect. Who is there among us who in dreams is not tempted to do, and indeed to carry into (in idea) something, which, if waking, he would abhor? In such a vision I have myself cut a brother open during his sleep, that I might take out his lungs and cure him of asthma ere he awoke; and anatomized my father after his death only to awake horrified by the words which had all the ringing sound of reality, "What are you doing, boy? I am not dead yet!"—"*The Restoration of Health*," *by Thomas Inman, M. D., in the Medical Mirror.*

Old-Time Reception of the Presidential Message.

The manners of Congress have altered since the days of Washington. Then the Presidential Message was received with dignified courtesy, and a committee appointed to wait on the President with the reply. At the time appointed, the Senators went in procession to the President's room, and were received with that serious and stately courtesy which was then in vogue among persons high in office. Fancy a long dining-room, with the tables and chairs removed. Before the fire-place stands a tall and superb figure clad in a suit of black velvet, with black silk stockings and silver buckles. His hair, white with powder, is gathered behind in a silk bag. He wears yellow gloves, and holds a cocked hat adorned with cockade and plume. A sword, with hilt of polished steel and sheath of white leather, further relieves the sombre magnificence of the President's form. The Senators enter, with the Vice-President at their head, and read the address, to which the President makes a brief and courteous reply, and, at its conclusion, the Senate made a formal and ceremonious exit, and then returned to their chamber. Customs and manners have changed since then to a complete antithesis.

What Am I Fit For?

There is only one method by which a young man can discover what position in life he is best fitted to occupy. He must *try*. He may be qualified to plan, to lead, to control, or his talent may be simply executive, and of the kind that assists in carrying out the ideas of other men. In either case his aid is needed in the vast and diversified field of labor presented by a great and growing country. The head and the hand are equally requisite in every branch of science and business, in all the pursuits of actual life. If the man who is merely expert of hand stands, or seems to stand, on a lower level than he who means largely and wisely, let him not repine at that, for on the plane where his capacities have placed him there is less of responsibility and anxious care than in the higher positions assigned to more powerful and comprehensive intellects. Having found his true place in the great commonwealth of industry, let the young man cling to it, and not allow himself to be prompted by plausible stories and dreams of sudden wealth, into speculations for which he is not fitted.

"A False Idea."

No idea is more erroneous than this, that *all animals* were created for man, and not for their own enjoyment of life. Myriads of them exist that are not, and do not appear to have ever been, intended to be subservient to man's use, except as constituting a part of the universal plan of which man is himself a part. Whole generations of the insect, the molluscous and crustaceous tribes, and of the higher orders of animals, too, of birds, beasts and fishes, live and propagate their kinds, and die to give place to new generations, age after age, uninjured and unknown by man, some in the profound depths of the sea which plummet never fathomed—some on rocks and islands of the ocean where sail was never spread, and some in lonely savannahs or wildernesses of sand where the foot of traveller has never trod.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.—The missionaries of China are liable to make strange mistakes in learning the language. The same word may have utterly different meanings, according as it is more or less drawled, or is pronounced on a higher or lower key. One of the Presbyterian missionaries tells how he asked for a hammer, and had a pole brought to him. Another sent for some steak, and received three sheeps' tails. A request for hoarhound candy brought a rusty hatchet.

☞ Mrs. Brisket (about the Squire's bride)—"Oh, yes, mum, she's come in 'ere yesterday, mum. Bless yer! a perfect lady, mum. Don't know one j'int of meat from another, mum!"

AGRICULTURAL.

The Potato Speculation.

We would not say a word to discourage the introduction or dissemination of new varieties of fruits or vegetables. They have done much for the farmers who grow them, and in many cases everything for the fortunate ones who originate and introduce them. This is the case with grapes, apples, pears, strawberries, potatoes—indeed almost everything the farmer grows. We have had the Goodrich seedlings, the Early Sebec, Rose and other varieties of potatoes—each of which has been called *the best*, and yet we are threatened with another relapse of the potato fever the coming spring. A party recently showed us a single potato—which was carefully wrapped in tissue paper and put away in a nice box in his desk—for which he had refused fifty dollars! It was one of but very few which are to be put into the market in limited numbers the coming spring at fifty dollars per pound! Another gentleman who has become somewhat conspicuous from his connection with the "potato fever," will place before the public in March his "Climax" potato, a seedling of the Early Goodrich, of which he says, "it is, all things considered, the most promising early potato with which I am acquainted,"—and this while the Rose has been before the public but a single season and is still sold at one dollar per pound! If this does not smack pretty loud of speculation we are no judge; and while we do not say the introducers of those potatoes and other seeds, roots, vegetables, &c., are deceiving the public and filling their own wallets, we do think a little prudence on the part of purchasers will not be amiss, and that it is best, at any rate, to invest moderately in such stock. If part of the care and attention bestowed upon new and much lauded varieties were given to old, and good but neglected sorts—we think farmers would be quite as well off as they are now to pay enormous sums for articles that are in a few years sure to be superceded and overlooked.—*Maine Farmer.*

Items.

—The Basket Willow has been cultivated recently with success on upland.

—The experience of this year proves that wheat can be raised profitably in Maine. The midge has not troubled the crops to any great extent.

—In a journey through Illinois, D. B. Walsh, Esq., the State Entomologist, discovered that the oyster-shell bark-louse cannot permanently exist in the southern half of the state. Trees infested with this insect, taken from the northern part a year ago, were found to be nearly or entirely free from them, nothing remains but the old dry scales.

—An oak in Lawrence, Kansas, is nine feet in diameter and thirty in circumference, and the lowest limbs are forty feet from the ground.

—WHORTLEBERRIES.—A writer in the Prairie Farmer thinks the cultivation of whortleberries would be more remunerative than strawberries. He says, bushes set one foot by three, yielding half a pint to a bush, would yield 95 bushels, worth $5 per bushel, or $475 per acre; and once set, they would be a permanent institution. They might be grown on land fit for little else. A successful experiment, though on a small scale, would be far more valuable than a mere suggestion.

—GENTLE UTTERANCE.—When a boy of fourteen, following a plough, drawn by oxen, our father said the first day of work, "Let us see who can talk the lowest to Buck and Bright; it isn't the sound that makes the team go, but the understanding that springs up between driver and team." The thing was new to our ears. We had always heard the "woa haw, Buck," or the "woa haw, Bright," given in tones of bawling only, and had grown to the belief that bawling was the only way of driving. But a little experience on the low keys showed that an ox, dumb and slow as some call him, had not only a show of intellect, but also of the proprieties of his position. Buck and Bright answered as well to a few words quietly spoken as to the many vociferated.

Points of a Good Cow.

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat without cake or corn,
She's clean in her jaw, and full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank and wide in her loin.

She's broad in her rib, and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back, with never a hump;
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders and thin in her thighs.

She's light in her neck, and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail,
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within.

—*London Farmers' Magazine.*

RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE OYSTER SAUCE FOR POULTRY.—The quantity of sauce required depends upon the number of people who are to partake of it, but for a moderate-sized party, four dozen oysters will be sufficient. They should not be opened until they are wanted; the liquor must be saved and strained. Put the oysters into a saucepan, pour the strained liquor in, and let them heat slowly, allowing them to plump, but on no account to boil, otherwise they will become hard. After they have simmered a few minutes, beard them; mix a quarter of a pound of fresh butter with a tablespoonful of flour; stir these into the liquor until it boils, and there is no fear of lumps; then pour in, by degrees, a breakfastcupful of cream, keeping the sauce stirred until it shows symptoms of boiling, then add the oysters and some Cayenne pepper. The sauce must simmer until wanted, when be careful to serve it in a well-warmed tureen. Many cooks use milk instead of cream for this sauce.

BAKED APPLE SAUCE.—Pare and quarter tender apples. Place layers of apples and sugar alternately in a bean pot until two-thirds full. Bake three hours in a very moderate oven. Add no water.

KNUCKLE OF VEAL AND RICE.—Put the knuckle of veal into a boiling pot, with a pound of bacon, two pounds of rice, six onions, three carrots cut in pieces, some pepper-corns, and salt in moderation on account of the bacon; add three or four quarts of water, and set the whole to stew very gently over a moderate fire for about three hours. This will produce a good substantial dinner for at least ten persons.

BUTTERED PARSNIPS.—Scrape or peel the parsnips, and boil them in hot water till they are done quite tender, then drain off all the water, add a bit of butter, some chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; shake them together on the fire until all is well mixed.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Take two pounds of apples; pare and core them, slice them into a pan, and add one pound of loaf-sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the grated rind of one. Let these boil until they become a thick mass, which will take about two hours. Turn it into a mould, and serve it cold with either thick custard or cream.

THE RIDDLER.

Scripture Acrostic.

THE FIRST MARTYR.

A scribe in the reign of Hezekiah.
A false apostle.
One who never saw death.
The father of a prophetess.
The son of a priest who was slain in battle.
The name of an altar erected by Jacob.
The first monarch.

Charade.

My first, thro' spring and summer's reign,
In vernal beauty shines;
Steals 'round the flowers, rests on the glades,
And gleams in clinging vines.
My second oft arrests the sight,
And in a distant scene,
Lifts up on high a snowy crest,
With valleys rich between.
Upon my whole there sleeps a charm,
Lovely and still impress;
It lies within a southern state,
And gives the weary rest. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Geometrical Problem.

A cylindrical vessel in the shape of an inverted cone, standing perpendicular upon its point, hollow measure, 14 inches altitudinal height, and 8 inches diameter at the open top, is filled brimful with water. Now if a sphere, larger than the open end of said vessel, is placed thereon as a cover, and a segment of said sphere sinking therein until resting on the rim all around, thus displacing part of the water, it is found that only 180. 1184 cubical inches of water is left in said described conical vessel. What is the diameter of that sphere? and the height of the segment thereof reaching into the vessel? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

If 5 pennies be tossed up, what is the probability that only one of them will fall "head up?" ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

I have a piece of land in the form of a trapezoid. The east side is a meridian, and the diagonals cross each other at right angles. The point where they cross is 288 feet from the northeast corner, and 162 feet from the southwest corner. Required—the area of the field. E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Ans.—Because it requires grinding.

☞ What time by the clock is the best for a pun? Ans.—A joke takes best just when it strikes one!

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use when others sleep;
What few would like to take away,
And none would ever like to keep?
Ans.—Bed.

☞ Of what kind of flower would you be reminded by seeing a Japanese child riding a dog? Ans.—A Jap-on-a-cur.

☞ Why is kissing your sweetheart like eating soup with a fork? Ans.—Because it takes a long time to get enough of it.

☞ Some person was asked why B stood before C. "Because," was the answer, "a man must B before he can C."

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus and Lord of Galloway. ENIGMA FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS—"Children, obey your parents."

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 17th—7-32. A. Martin. 0.210133 required probability—J. M. Greenwood. ½—F. M. Priest.

Answers to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of same date—216-27, 512-27, and 1000-27—J. N. Soders. The three cube numbers are 1, 6 and 8—A. Reid. 1,216,512 are the three cube numbers—S. S. Knox and F. M. Priest.

Answers to W. W. W.'s PROBLEM of same date—9 and 36 the numbers—W. W. W. 6 and 7—J. M. Greenwood, F. M. Priest, W. H. Morrow, J. N. Soders, S. W. Wilson, S. S. Knox and A. Reid.

Answer to X's PROBLEM of same date—1-30 of 1—Daniel Diefenbach, A. Reid, S. W. Wilson, J. N. Soders, F. M. Priest, J. M. Greenwood.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 24th—10 feet 5 inches—A. Martin. 10 feet 8.3 inches—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—50 yards at 60 cents—W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, J. N. Soders, F. M. Priest, J. H., Andrew Reid, S. S. Knox, J. S. Phebus. 43 yards at 66 2-3 cents—J. Bourquin.

Answers to W. T. Stonebraker's PROBLEM of same date—176 yards—W. T. Stonebraker. 528 feet—F. M. Priest, A. Reid, T. Wilson, George H. Below. 32-3 feet—S. S. Knox. 6328 inches—J. N. Soders.

COCOANUT CHEESECAKES.—Take the white part of a cocoanut, three ounces of lump sugar, and half a gill of water. The sugar must be first dissolved in the water, and the cocoanut (grated) to be added to it. Let all boil for a few minutes over a slow fire; let it get cold, and then add the yolks of three eggs, and the white of one well-beaten up. Put the mixture into small tins with thin paste at the bottom, and bake in a slow oven.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Break the cocoanut and save the milk, peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoanut very fine. Take the same weight of cocoanut, fine white sugar, and butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs well beaten, one cup of cream or new milk, the milk of the cocoanut, and a little grated lemon. Line a dish with rich paste, put in the pudding, and bake it one hour. Cover the rim with paper if it is necessary.

RED ANTS.—Wash and wipe thoroughly your safes, cupboards, &c.; then sprinkle on salt, and rub it well into the wood, not neglecting the cracks and crevices. This application, properly applied, will relieve you of their annoyance.

BROWN BREAD PUDDING.—Take half pound of stale brown bread grated, the same quantity of currants and shred suet, and a little nutmeg and sugar; add four eggs, a spoonful of brandy, and two spoonsful of cream; boil in a basin or cloth full three hours.